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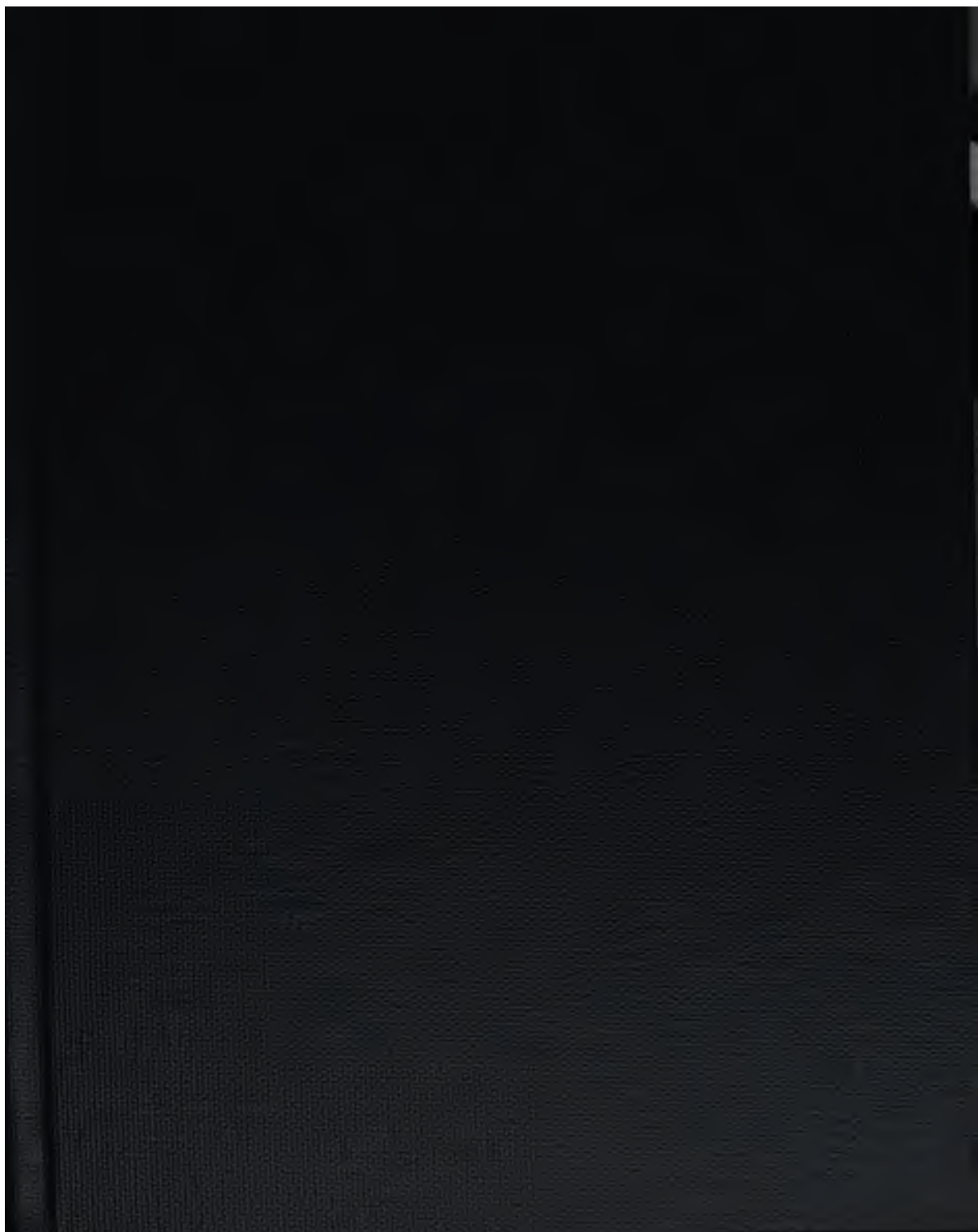
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CHAPTER I.  
COMMON LODGING HOUSES, CADGERS,  
&c., &c.

THESE two subjects are, perhaps now the only ones remaining, in what is termed the "walks of life," of which a correct description has not yet been given. All the old topics, such as the beauties of the country, and the ancient stories of love and heroism, which have afforded so much employment to the pencil, the muse, and the worker-up of novels, have long been considered as the beaten track ; and the relaters of fiction, at least those who lay claim to any thing like originality, have been fain to leave the romantic path, with its old castles and wondrous deeds, and so forth, and seek for heroes behind a counter, amidst the common-place details of busi-

ness, and for scenes amongst the intricate windings of lanes and alleys. In short, novelty is the grand charm for this novel-writing age.

Independent of the hosts of "Military and Naval Sketches of Mr. Such-a-one," "the Author of So-and So's Reminiscences," &c., with the usual abundance of matter, that daily crowd from the press, we may notice amongst the really useful works that have lately appeared, the "Old Bailey Experience," "Essays on the Condition of the People," "the Dishonest Practices of Household Servants," and "the Machinery of Crime in England, or the Connection between the Thieves and Flash Houses;" but, valuable as these articles are, and they are certainly of some importance to society, has there any one, we might ask, ever entered into the Common Lodging House,—the Vagabond's Home,—a place that abounds in character and crime? The only information which we have had in these dens of poverty and vice, has been merely through the Police Reports, when some unfortunate defaulter had been taken out of one of those skulking-holes. On such occasions we are told, amongst the usual remarks, that the accommodation in those houses were exceedingly cheap, and that the lodgers herded together indiscriminately, &c. ; but how such houses were really con-

ducted, and of the manners and characters of most of the people who frequented them, the public may be said to be almost in perfect ignorance. In like manner with that fraternity called "Cadgers," our knowledge has been equally limited. No correct account has ever yet been given of this idle, but cunning class of the community. All that we have been told concerning them, is, to use the common phrase, but mere hearsay. We remember reading, some few years ago, of one of those begging gentry boasting of being able to make five shillings a day. He considered that sixty streets were easily got through, from sunrise to sunset, and that it was strange indeed if he could not collect a penny in every street. Now, this very same anecdote we read, not many days since, in a new work, entitled, "A History of the Working Classes," as something, of course, just brought to light.

The story, too, in that by-gone piece of notoriety, "Pierce Egan's Life in London," about the beggar's opera, where the lame and the blind, and other disordered individuals, were said to meet nightly, in a place called the "back slums," to throw off their infirmities, and laugh at the credulity of the public, was, not a great many weeks ago, trumped up into a paragraph in one of our weekly journals as a fact just dis-

covered, and the curious were referred to a certain house in St. Giles's, in corroboration thereof. Indeed, we think it would be easy to prove that what little is known of the Common Lodging House, and those people the Cadgers, is neither more nor less than mere reports, and which like the generality of reports, contain not always the truth.

It certainly appears strange that those two subjects, which offer such an abundance of original matter to writers and other observers of mankind, should have remained so long without any other notice than merely that they were known to exist. Seemingly strange, however, as this singularity is, sufficient reasons, perhaps, may be given for it. There can be little doubt, at least there is none in our mind, that since the commencement of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, periodicals have principally assisted in developing, if we may so term it, the powers of observation. Intelligent readers of this kind of literature would naturally turn away from the insipid stuff of the rhymers, and the equally sentimental trash of the getter-up of fiction, of which our old magazines were mostly composed, to the more rational parts of the publication, such as original essays, critiques, stories which had really some truth for their foundation, or any thing which bore the stamp of newness. This secret of attraction would,

of course, soon be found out, by those most interested in the sale; but the grand introduction of utility was at that period when the *Waverley* novels made their appearance. Then, instead of the exaggerated imaginings of a diseased brain, with all its superhuman agency, we had History beautifully blended with Fiction, or rather Truth, accurate descriptions of nature, and correct pictures of life, both high and low. We all remember what powerful sensations those literary wonders at first created, and what a crowd of imitators followed in their train. The Magazines soon caught up the tone, and became doubly interesting, with the lives of private soldiers, "Two or Three Years in the Peninsula," and the "Subaltern." The camp and the man-of-war now poured forth their vast stories of anecdote and adventure, in all shapes and sizes—octavo and article—sketches of character, local customs and antiquities, filled up the other attractions of the day; and to read for improvement, while we read for amusement, was almost considered the fashionable employment of time.

These excellent topics, doubtless, had their season, and when done, our wholesale dealers in wisdom, the Publishers, well knew that their great patron, the public, would not be content with what had gone before. Something was to be



again produced, that would make the press move; and that something, we believe, every one will agree with us, that, notwithstanding the splendour of Genius which the imaginative tribe are endowed with in this mental age, was to be that which was *new*—that, in fact, which would *sell*. This, as might be expected, caused the booksellers and their hacks to look around them, and the tempting gilt which the former held out, (scanty though the quantity always be!) was yet too keen a spur to the flagging wits of hungry scribblers, to allow them to lie idle. Society was once more ransacked, and that which formerly gave pleasure was now found to be too old for entertainment. Bad practices were discovered to exist amongst those with whom honesty was thought to dwell—the seat of justice was found to be but the seat of corruption—and so high in repute had Unions risen in the land, that they even extended to the very pests of society—the men who lived by plunder. It is to this desire for change, then, that we are indebted for those admirable novels of the French writer Paul de Kock, which have lately appeared; and wherein are portrayed, with such faithfulness, the plodding manners and steady characters of shop-keepers, instead of the high-toned conversation of polished society, or the homely but innocent simplicities of a country life—

that old ground-work of fiction. The same may be said of those "Essays on the Condition of the People,"—"Household Servants,"—the "Old Bailey Experience," and those equally instructive articles on the "Machinery of Crime in England, or the Connection between the Thieves and the Flash Houses," which all owe their origin to the same cause. It therefore can scarcely excite surprise that the Common Lodging House and Cadger should have remained so long without notice, when, if we take but a little time to reflect, we shall easily perceive that this work of observation is but just now going on, and that the very period in which we now live, is what with justice may be called but—the Age of Inquiry.

The Common Lodging House, as the reader no doubt understands, is a house of accommodation for all classes—no matter what may be their appearance or character—only provided that they can procure, when required, the necessary quantity of coins. In every considerable village in the kingdom there is a lodging-place called the "Beggars' House;" and in every town, more or less, according to its size or population. In London there are hundreds and thousands of houses of this description, from the poor tenant of a room or cellar, with its two or three shake-down-beds

upon the floor, to the more substantial landlord with his ten or twenty houses, and two or three hundred beds. Among these the houseless wanderer may find shelter, from a penny to three halfpence, twopence, threepence, fourpence, and sixpence a night, on beds of iron, wood, and straw, or on that more lofty couch a hammock; and some (that is, the penny-a-night lodger) have often no softer resting place than the hard floor. This common lodging-house business is a thriving trade; only small capital is required, for an old house will do, no matter how the rain beats in, or the wind whistles through, in a back street or filthy lane, for the more wretched the neighbourhood, the better; old bedsteads and beds, clothes of the coarsest description, with a few forms, and a table or so, for the kitchen, are all that is necessary for the concern. The front room, or what is usually termed the parlour, is generally fitted up into a shop, or, when this is not the case, there is always some accommodating neighbour, who has the following articles for sale: viz., bacon, butter, cheese, bread, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, potatoes, red and salt herrings, smuggled liquors, and table-beer. Some add the savoury profession of the cook to that of the huckster, and dish up a little roast and boiled beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, &c. The whole of these, the reader may be

assured, are of a very moderate quality : they are retailed to the lodgers at very profitable prices, and in the smallest quantities, such as a halfpenny worth of butter, bacon, cheese, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c. ; and, for the trifling sum of one penny, the poor epicure may gratify his palate with a taste of beef, mutton, and so on. Very little credit is given in those creditable places, and that only to those who are well-known ; they who have not that advantage, often are compelled to take the handkerchief off their necks, the coat, and even the very skirts off their backs, to give to the cautious housekeeper, before they can procure a night's lodging, or a morsel of food ; indeed, in the country, it is a common thing, when a traveller (which is the respectable appellation by which the alms-seeking gentry designate themselves) seeks for a night's lodging, for the landlord to refuse admittance, unless the applicant carries a bundle, which is looked upon as a kind of security, should he not have the desirable in his pocket.

It may naturally be supposed that, where there are such little outlays and such large returns, that good round sums must be produced ; indeed, there are few who commence this kind of life, but soon secure to themselves an independency. There are many whom we could mention, who have

accumulated such large fortunes by the encouragement of vagrancy, as now to be the proprietors of vast property in houses, and who still carry on large establishments by means of deputies, and in their deputies' names, while they themselves live in fashionable style on the borders of the town. The servants that are kept in those houses are in general men, they being considered better adapted to keep peace and quietness than women. It is customary with lodgers, who have anything of value, to deposit it with the landlord, and, in most cases, it is returned with safety. There are some whose character stands so high for honesty, that twenty pounds and upwards may be entrusted with them ; but there are those again with whom it would not be prudent to leave a rag, and who often colleague with ruffians to get up a row during the night, to rob the lodgers, they of course coming in for a share of the booty. It is true, too, that in a great many of those houses men and women scorn all restraint, and hate any thing in the shape of a barrier. As regards cleanliness very little can be said for any ; they all abound, more or less, with those small creeping things, which are said to be so prolific on the other side of the Tweed, and in the *dear country*. To delineate, however, the characters of the different houses, comes not at present within our limits ;

that of itself would fill volumes with the most extraordinary interest; and what then would be the descriptions of the crowds who frequent such houses—the thousands and tens of thousands who exist in this country by what is called their wits—whose trade is imposture, and whose whole life one continued exercise of the intellects? The flash letter-writer and the crawling supplicant; the pretended tradesmen, who live luxuriously on the tales of others, and the real claimant of charity, whose honest shame will hardly allow him to beg for sufficient to procure the hard comforts of a bed of straw; the match seller and ballad-singer, whose convenient profession unite the four lucrative callings of begging, selling, singing, and stealing; gangs of shipwrecked sailors, or rather, fellows whose iron constitutions enable them for the sake of sympathy, to endure the most inclement weather, in almost a state of nudity, and among them only one perhaps ever heard the roar of the ocean; jugglers, coiners, tramps (mechanics seeking work), strolling players, with all the hangers-on of fairs, races, assizes, stable-yards; besides the hosts of Irish who yearly migrate from sweet Erin to happy England, to beg, labour, and steal. Here then, is a wide field for speculation, a vast common in life, where a character may be almost picked up at every step—mines of

vice and misery as yet unexplored. A road that has never yet been trodden by the man of the pen, and very rarely by him of the pencil. If a few straggling mendicants, or some solitary wretch, have occasionally been sketched, the great centre of the sons of Cain—the outcast's home—has never yet been entered ; that place has remained sacred to the tell-tale eye of each observer. But enough of this : we will now enter among these new scenes, and in order to give a correct view of the ways and doings of this strange life, will at once introduce the reader to the head-quarters of the cadgers—St. Giles's.



## CHAPTER II.

ST. GILES'S—THE CADGER'S HEAD-  
QUARTERS.

THE house, or rather establishment (for it contains no less than eight houses, having a moderate-sized court within its boundary, in which stands a large gas lamp) to which we intend to conduct the reader, is situate at No. 13, — Street, St. Giles's. The proprietor being what is called a gentleman—a man of property—and, like all men of property, of course, wishes not to have his name mentioned but in a respectable way—we therefore, with all respect for the power of wealth, will accommodate him with a dash.

This cavern was opened some forty years ago, by a man of the name of —, a native of that cautious country, "*Camy, tak care o' yoursel.*" The Scotchman, with the characteristic foresight of his countrymen, soon saw that to set up prudence in the midst of wanton waste, was a sure and ready way to



accumulate the *bawbees*. Accordingly, he took a shop and house at the aforesaid number, and commenced giving shelter to the wild and the profligate. Trade thrived, and, ere long, Sawney had reason to bless the day he crossed the border. He not only grew a rich but a *braw* man—put his sons to



respectable professions, and expended as much in setting them up in the world, as might have made them no common lairds in the land of thistles, and finally gave up the ghost,

breathing his last breath amidst the air of plenty, leaving his money-making craft to his eldest son, who still carries on this establishment, as well as two others, one in the Broadway, St. Giles's, and the other in Long Acre, through the means of a deputy, and in the deputy's name, while he himself takes his ease in elegant style, a little way out of town, and is reputed to be the possessor of a great number of houses besides.

This grand cadging rendezvous, then, is under the superintendence of a deputy, and is kept up in his name; he is assisted by his wife and under deputy (men-servants), and a few female domestics. This man—that is, the leader of the band—hails we believe from Cambridgeshire. He is of a slight make, with a shrewd cast of the eye. Formerly he figured in a gentleman's family, and has still much of the air and dress of a lackey: he is nevertheless well adapted for his situation; is affable and free, gambles, and is the companion of the lodgers in the house, but knows them not in the street. When any of the inmates chance to meet him in one of their alms-seeking rambles, and present their hat, to see if he will set an example to unwilling people, he never drops in more than one poor penny; his wife, however,

is considered a trump (a generous woman), and never has the collection-box held to her, but invariably lets fall a *tanner*, to shew that she is a *Gemman's* wife. These people have the reputation of being honest: anything intrusted to them, of whatever value, is certain of being returned. Robbery and petty thefts are here very rare, and fights are never allowed in the house, if the landlord is at home. There are two kitchens, one for the males and the other for the females: the men are not permitted to visit the women, and, until after eleven at night, the time the women's kitchen is cleared, very few of the latter are allowed to disturb their masculine neighbours; those who have that privilege, are the select few, who are pleased to term themselves *wives*. There are sleeping apartments, too, for the different sexes, and rooms for those who pass as married people; and when any of the fair part of the inmates happen, in their perambulations, to meet with a friend of the opposite gender, and find, as they sometimes do, that it will be necessary to have a little private communion before they part, the landlord has so far sympathized with such persons, as to provide a room or two for their particular use. In short, this place, besides being a common lodging house, adds to it that now very necessary convenience—a brothel.

There are considerably more than one hundred beds in this house, made of wood and iron, distributed three and six in a room; the single ones are fourpence, and the double ones sixpence; and when we add the profits of this to that of the other two establishments, it must be allowed that the whole must amount to a gentlemanlike sum.

It is now our duty to enter this abode; and though accustomed to those retreats of vice and crime, we actually did pay a visit to this very house, one Saturday evening, and there remained until Monday morning, taking, from first to last, careful notes of the most extraordinary characters and their ways, in order that our first sketch might be a correct picture of the manner in which these outcasts of society spend the last, the best, and the first part of the week.

Well, then, on Saturday afternoon, upon a certain day, we directed our steps to that well known spot of this mighty part of the world—the Rookery, the appropriate title given to that modern Sodom, St. Giles's. On entering this region of sin, we, of course, had the usual difficulties of foot-passengers to encounter, in picking and choosing our way among the small but rich dung heaps—the flowing channels and those pitfalls, the cellars, which lie gaping open, like so many man-traps, ready to catch the unwary traveller. At

length, however, we reached No. 13, — Street, which was pointed out to us by a damsel standing in one of the many groups which are usually collected there, discussing the queries of that city, as being the habitation that we were in search of.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE CADGING HOUSE.

As this is the first attempt that has been made to describe a Cadging House, we perhaps may be excused in being somewhat particular. The outside of this dwelling was more cleanly and decent than we had been led to expect. The window of the low front room, which was large and rather bowed, still retained the remains of its former shop-like appearance, was modestly screened in the inside by a green curtain; and the step of the door was nicely scoured and sanded.

On entering, we were struck with the establishment-like appearance of the room. Rows of common tin tea-pots were ranged along the dresser. As for the shelves, they literally lined the walls, well filled with plates, dishes, and tea-ware. The landlady came forward to meet us, a tall, genteel woman, with the manners of one apparently used to

better society. After putting down our groat, and giving into her hand a certain garment wrapped in a handkerchief, in case of accidents, we were told that the men's kitchen was in the next house, the first door on the right hand side,



in the entry. By this, we found that the threshold on which we then stood, was no less than the high quarters set apart for the barrack-master himself. Accordingly, we sallied out

for No. 12: but, before going in, we took the liberty to make a survey of this "Vagabond's Home!" and, in troth, it did well deserve that name.

The low front room or parlour, whose fate it was now to be the Cadger's Kitchen, had certainly the same shop-like appearance as that of No. 13—but there the likeness ended. The door, which led into the street, instead of having the clean, welcome, and open look of its neighbour, was fast nailed up, and bore evident marks that many a sick man had leaned against it. The door-light—the window above the door—had been taken out, or what is more likely, knocked out, and its place supplied with a wooden shutter, which was raised up during the day, to let in the light, and air: and as for the window itself, with the exception of a few panes of glass in the centre, here and there patched with brown paper, it was almost wholly made up with squares of wood—giving ocular proof that glass was of a very brittle nature in St. Giles's.

After satisfying ourselves thus far, we proceeded to explore the interior. A narrow passage ran between the houses, and led into a tolerably large court, which, with those two, contained the number of houses already stated. At the foot of this entry stood two or three Moll Flanders looking husseys,



who, it may be supposed, did not neglect a passing salute. Farther up the yard, were some half-dozen fellows, in parti-coloured dresses, (and not over particular about shoes and stockings) smoking their cutties, and gambling at pitch-penny.

We next proceeded to the kitchen—and a den-like retreat it was—dark and gloomy from the partial light let in by the few remnants of glass, it seemed well calculated to harbour felon thoughts. The room itself was moderate enough in size—a good fire, and an excellent grate, containing a copper of boiling water, always kept full by a pipe conveyed to it from a cask raised on one side of the fire-place, was all that we could see that approached to anything like luxury or comfort. Beneath this cask lay a heap of coke and coal, and a coal-heaver's shovel leaned against the wall, at the service of any one who loved a cheerful hearth. The floor and walls did not differ much in colour, the former being of a dusky hue, that knew of no other purifier save the birchen broom ; and the latter, a dirty red—a daub long since and clumsily made. A cuckoo-clock ticked on one side of an old cupboard, and before the window was spread a large deal table, at which sat the landlord playing at cards with a couple of ruffian-like fellows. A small table (whose old-fashioned,

crooked, mahogany legs, showed that it had once been in a more honoured place; but the rough deal covering with which it had been repaired, denoted that it was now only fit for *cadger's plate*)—stood at the other end of the room, behind the door. A man, in a decent but faded suit of clothes, sat on one side—his arms were stretched over the table, and his head half-buried within them—he was, apparently, asleep. The white apron, that was wrapped round his waist, clearly proclaimed to what class he belonged—the “Begging Tradesmen.” A few things, tied to a blue handkerchief, rested on one side of his head; and a parcel of ballads, his whole stock-in-trade, lay on the other. Before the fire, warming his back, stood a short, thick-set man, humming the air of a vulgar ditty; his hands were thrust into the pockets of a velvet shooting-jacket, ornamented with large ivory buttons, such as are commonly worn by cabmen and other tap-room blackguards. His countenance was by far too dark and sinister-looking to be honest, and, as he occasionally favoured us with a few oblique and professional glances from beneath a white *castor*, half-pulled over his brow, it instinctively, as it were, reminded us of “my lord—the prisoner at the bar.”

On a form against the wall, sat a tall and aged man, with

a beard like a hermit, all fluttering in rags—the very emblem of wretchedness. He was relieving his uneasiness by giving his back every now and then, a comfortable rub against the wall. A little on one side of this forlorn being, at the head of the table where the landlord sat, was a character that



could hardly escape the notice of the most obtuse observer, a stout active young man, in the very perfect costume of a cadger. The upper part of his person was decorated with a piece of a garment that had once been a coat, and of which

there yet remained a sleeve and a half; the rest was suspended over his shoulders in shreds. A few tatters were arranged around his nether parts, but they could scarcely be said to cover his nakedness; and as for shoes, stockings, and shirt, they doubtless had been neglected, as being of no professional use. A kind of a hat (which, from a piece of the flap still remaining, showed that it had once possessed a brim) ornamented as villanous a looking head as ever sat upon a pair of shoulders—carrotty hair, that had as much pliancy as a stubble field—a low receding forehead—light grey eyes, rolling about, with as much rogerly in them as if each contained a thief—a broad, snubby nose—a projecting chin, with a beard of at least a month's growth—the whole forming no bad resemblance to a rough, red, wiry-haired, viscious terrier dog, whose face had been half-bitten off by hard fighting. He was the very type of a hedge ruffian, and a most proper person to meet any one "by moonlight alone."

—— "He looked as if his blood  
"Had crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood."

The very sight of this model of his tribe brought vagrancy, with all her train, before our eyes, mugger's-carts, tinker's wives, bull dogs, donkeys, creels, kail pots, and all

the trumpery of a gipsy's camp. This elegant individual, we found afterwards, answered to the very proper appellation of "Cadger Jack." He was leaning over the table, resting his arms on a bundle of matches, and grumbling heavily about the times, "Cadging," he said, "was gone to the devil! He had been out ever since the morning, and had not yet broke his fast; but if he lived till Monday, he would go to the lord mayor." Here he used some emphatic language, and swore he would not stir until he got relief.

"You will get three months to the tread-mill," observed a woman, sitting opposite (the only one in the room, and a happy compound between the slut and the sot).

He d—d the tread-mill, declared he had played at up and down before now—and would go—they were compelled to give him something—the law did not suffer any man to starve, and so on.

He was rattling on in his way, without any one paying the least attention to what he said, when a lad about fourteen, decently dressed, came in, carrying a box. He placed himself beside the window, and began to display the contents of his trunk, offering for sale several respectable articles of clothing for mere trifles.

"Go home, boy," (said a man who had just come in, with

his arms loaded with good things). "What brought you here? do you want to be ruined? you have run away, you young rascal, and stole them things."

The younker, who was the very image of a spoiled child and natural vagabond, replied with all the pertness and insolence of one that had been over indulged, "that the things were his—he had paid for his lodgings, and nobody had anything to do with him."

"When did he come here?" enquired the man, (the landlord by this time had gone out).

"On Thursday," he was answered.

"It is a shame," he said, "to take in so young a boy; he should have a stick laid across his back, and sent home again."

In defence of the landlord, it was argued, that if he did not take him in, others would; and that his things were safe here, which might not be the case elsewhere. This was admitted by our moralizer to be very true.

"Howsomever," observed he, "all I know is this—that if the young dog is not already a thief, I know that he has come to the right place to become one."

"Aye, that he has," drawled out a half naked lusty young fellow, raising himself slowly up from the form where he

had been stretched his full length, laying upon his face, the sluggard's favourite position. Hogarth, or Joe Lisle, or any other character hunter, might have taken this youth for the very Son of Idleness. There might alternately be traced in his heavy features sluggard, loon, fool, and rascal. "Aye, that's very true," he observed, "it was coming to St. Giles's that was the ruin of me; and them there lasses," pointing to a ruddy-faced girl, who had just popped her brazen front in at the door, and who, in return for his salutation, politely placed her finger on one side of her nose, then raising the hinder part of her body touched it, in a style that would scarcely be tolerated at St. James's.

"Ah, you imp of Satan!" he bellowed out, as the young vixen scampered away between a dance and a run, and again commenced his story:

"It was coming to St. Giles's, I was saying, was the ruin of me. I robbed my father, but I got clear of that; then I robbed my mother, I got turned away for that; my sisters took me in, I robbed them, and was first to cut; at last, my aunt pitied and took care of me, I robbed her too. But I got three month for that, and—"

"Hold your tongue, you ass," exclaimed half-a-dozen

voices, "the booby's mad, and should be sent to St. Luke's.

At this rebuff the hopeful youth grinned a grin something like the triumph of a fool glorying in his shame; then thrusting his hand into his bosom, was for a few moments lost in heavenly bliss, enjoying that most ecstatic of enjoyments, which King Jamie, of clawing memory, says, ought always to be reserved for kings—scratching; then rolled himself down again, to have a little more folding of the arms, and a little more slumber.





## CHAPTER IV.

## A BEGGAR'S REPAST.

OUR friend, who had such singular ideas in a cadging house of what ought to be, was himself but one of those who existed by his wits. Two pieces of leather hung round his feet and ankles, which for resemblance came nearer to sandals than boots. The rest of his garb, of course, corresponded.

We observed before, that, when he came in, he had his arms full of good things—among which were a sixpenny cottage-loaf, half a pound of butter, two ounces of coffee, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and half-a dozen eggs. He now busied himself in putting those things in order, and quietly suffered the promising boy to take his will down to the road to ruin. The loaf he cut down into substantial slices, and covered them well and thickly with the rich cured cream of the cow; he put the whole of the coffee into the pan and boiled and simmered it with such attention as clearly

showed that, at least in the culinary department, he was a man of taste ; and although he did not mix with his beverage any of that much-talked-of continental stuff—succory, yet such was the sweet-smelling odour, as the steam wafted by us, that we could not help thinking that such highly-



flavoured drink could not fail to find favour, even in the nostrils of the very Ottoman himself. This being done, he placed it upon the table, and called loudly for his mate.

And here it may be necessary to observe, that your professed vagabonds who live unmarried, always associate in pairs—like the soldier with his comrade, and the sailor with his messmate ; it is probably owing to so many of the latter being members of this fraternity, that this seafaring phrase has become to be adopted. Be that as it may, however, the cadger and his mate sleep together, mess together, and share each other's good and bad luck ; the most prudent of the two being always the purser.

The individual who answered to the call was a short, punchy, filthy animal, of middle age, half covered with rags. His breast was as bare and as highly coloured as the chest of a Red Indian ; owing, perhaps, to sleeping in the open air, or laying among the cinder heaps of glass-houses. Jamie, for that was his name, was, however, a professed gentleman of the road ; had an eye as sleepy and as cunning as a cat ; and, to use his low jargon, was " up to summat," and knew " what was what."

His mate passed a few jokes upon him, at his skill in gulling swells, and taking in flats ; for he was considered an adept. Jamie chuckled at the compliments, and smiled at what was before them. They then fell to the viands, and

ate with the hearty gusto of robust health. The eggs were certainly boiled too hard; but that defect they took good care to remedy, by softening them well with nice fresh



butter, neither crying "Halt!" until there remained not the shadow of crust.

After this slight refecton, like the rest of the *gemmen* who

live by their means, they wiped their chins with their napkins—the cuffs of their coats—arose, and went out to that sink of ruin, the gin shop, to rinse their teeth with a little rum, that being the favourite stimulus of the begging tribe. The two-penny dram of pure Jamaica is preferred by them, and particularly those who live in the country, to any other kind of malt, or spirituous liquours.



## CHAPTER V.

AN EVENING MEAL—A FEAST FOR AN  
ALDERMAN.

ALL the wandering race, such as pedlars, tramps, and hawkers of small ware, whose pursuits are in the open air, and which lead them, during the day, to an uncertain distance from their residence, never have more meals than their breakfast and their tea. But as the most of these people are no enemies to good living, they usually contrive to have their morning affair as much in the Scotch fashion as possible, and their evening refecton to unite the substantiability of the English dinner, with the refreshing qualities of the tea table. Between six and seven is the hour which they in general retire from the labours of the day; and as this was the time the lodgers were now crowding in, every one carrying the eatables he intended to use, which usually consist of half a pound of bacon, quarter of a pound of butter,

a pennyworth of tea or coffee, with as much sugar. These are placed upon a half-quartern loaf, and carried in one hand; and, if eggs are in season, three or four may be seen clutched in the other.

In London, and other large towns, these people, when their finances will permit, indulge in all the luxury of the cook-shop and the flesher's stall; but in country places, there is not such a variety, the bacon—a red herring, and the *et ceteras*, are mostly their choice.

Among the people who now made their appearance, were certainly some two or three labourers, but the rest were all of that stamp who scorn to live by the sweat of their brow. The frying pan was put into active motion. A couple, a man and his wife,—who by their appearance, no one would suppose that they ever partook of anything save crusts and scraps, filled the pan with nice mutton chops, by way of a relish to their bohea. Eggs and bacon, ham and eggs, ham, beef-steaks, (aye, of the prime rump, too,) mutton chops, sausages, saveloys, &c., &c., were all now with rapidity, and in their turn, soon smoking, fuming, and frying upon the fire, raising a smell almost powerful enough to satisfy the moderate cravings of a Frenchman's appetite.

The whole of the food that we could perceive that had

been gathered from door to door, was one solitary plate of broken bread, which was before a broad-shouldered and able-bodied match seller ; and even he, before he would allow such refuse to take its descent down his gullet, took especial care to plaster well every piece with good fresh butter—washing the whole down with an excellent cup of coffee.

It might have afforded a fine treat to the searcher after life and manners, to have observed the rough and ragged scene that was now before us. The kitchen at times was crowded to excess ; and, amid the clattering of plates, fuss of cooking, and confusion of tongues, men, women, and children, feasting, drinking, singing, and card-playing, while some two or three might be seen wiling away the painful effects of an empty pocket by a soothing whiff from the favourite cutty, occasionally a half naked brute, in the shape of a man or a woman, would stagger in, their heads nodding on their shoulders, like the equally sensible and oblivious looking pate of a Chinese figure in a grocer's window ; and if there was space enough, would reel a step or two, and then measure their length upon the floor, muttering sundry threatening sounds. These, of course, were soon picked up, and in their attempts to play at *a la Randall*, had their arms carefully pinioned, their bodies placed upon a seat, and laid



against the wall; or, if there was room enough, were accommodated with a stretch upon the form, to snooze themselves fresh again—dreaming of the sweets of gin, and the joys of a begging life.

But perhaps a sketch or so of those strange beings, with a little of their interesting slang, will be the better way to describe such a group. By the bye, this is the place for character—the cadging house is the very spot for the pourtrayer of life, who wishes to lay claim to any thing like originality;—here Nature has her full scope, and affectation rarely shows her face.

As we were sitting, noting the various particulars that were continually passing before our eyes, and as the Poet says, catching “the manners living as they rise,” a thumping step was heard coming along the passage. The door opened, and a wooden-legged weather-beaten seaman, past the meridian, with a pot of beer in one hand and a bag in the other, showed his phiz. He was dressed in the usual sailor’s garb, jacket and trousers, with a black handkerchief slung round his neck, and a low-crowned glazed hat on his head. The immense breadth of his shoulders, solidity of chest, with a neck like the “lord of the pasture,” gave him the weighty bearing and bold front of an eighty-four, while his open,

bluff, and manly countenance at once proclaimed him to be the true man-of-war's man, and tar of old England. Jack's story is soon told :—besides being a King George's man, he had been a bold smuggler, and had his starboard leg carried away in an affray with the Custom sharks.

We were struck with something like admiration at beholding such a model of the favourite class of this country, and very naturally followed his motions, taking an interest in every little peculiarity, they being exactly what have been represented by Smollett, and other naval sketchers, as the characteristics of a tar of the old school.

Jack thumped away to a seat, clapped his pot of beer upon the table, and threw down his hat alongside. He then very gravely took out of his mouth a tolerable sized quid of tobacco, and, having safely deposited that treasure in his jacket pocket, sent, the next moment, a torrent of Virginian juice below the bars. These preliminaries being over, he proceeded to rummage forth the contents of his bag ; and among the odds and ends, hauled out a substantial piece of the wing of an ox, and showed that his cruise had not been a bad one. With this goodly blunter of the keen edge of hungry appetite securely clutched in his fist, it may be supposed that the jack-knife did not lag behind ; indeed, he had evidently

enjoyed many a north-easter, for his appetite appeared to be of that sort which brooks no delay ; never once allowing him to answer the many questions that were addressed to him, as "What cheer to-day, Jack ?" &c., or so much as to give his grinders one moment's rest, save, and only then when he took a hearty pull at Messrs. Perkins and Co.

This highly-refreshing task being over, he handed a portion of his grub, and a draught of porter, to a decently-dressed young man, who had apparently nothing to chew, save his own thoughts. Then drawing from his pocket his old crony—the pipe, and stretching forth his timber toe, to feel as it were at home, commenced addressing the young fellow as follows. And here let us remind the reader, that it will be impossible for us to describe a dialogue among this class, which is of the lowest of the low, in the language of polished society ; we will therefore, in lieu of the emphatic words with which they generally garnish their conversation, use the delicate but meaning dashes — —.

"Harry," says the tar, "have you not been at work to-day, that you look so devilish blue ?" (working, by the bye, is the honest word used by those honest people for begging, they having as correct an idea of what is meant by respectable terms as their more respectable fellow men).

“Work! Aye,” replied Harry, “I went out this morning with Williams. We worked all the way to Piccadilly, then down the Haymarket, along Pall Mall, and were, just beginning with some ladies in the Park, when we were stopped by a policeman, and very nigh got tapped, and —— —— if I could raise heart to cadge any more.”

“Aye,” cried Jack, “you were always a hen-hearted dog; but, howsomever, I had a brush to-day, myself with one of those land sharks. As I was crossing St. Martin’s-lane, I saw a carriage full of ladies standing at a shop door. Up I stumped, and was just about to doff my castor (hat), when a slap on the shoulder, with ‘what do you want there?’ made me turn round; and there I met the ugly mug of a devil in blue. ‘What’s that to you?’ says I. ‘Oh, I thought you were going to beg.’ ‘Did you,’ says I, ‘if I had, I would have taken care not to have been such a —— fool, as to let you see me.’ ‘Well, well, go on, go on,’ says he. I stepped on one side, and watched till my master had steered off, and then I about again, and, blow me, if one of the young ladies—and a prime un she was!—did not tip me a tanner (sixpence).”

A remarkably fine-looking man, with nicely trimmed whiskers and a long white apron, who was regaling himself

with a plate of sausages to his evening souchong, here observed that there were yet some good fellows among the police. "For instance," he said, "it was only the other day, as I was working at the Middle Row, Holborn, which is my regular beat, I cadged a couple of swells. They bid me begone, or else they would call for the police. I laughed at them, and still tried it on, when one of them called to a blue devil, 'Take this fellow into custody,' says he, 'and I will appear against him to-morrow morning.' 'What's he been doing?' demanded the policeman. 'Begging,' answered the other. 'Oh, is that all?—well, if you will go on, sir, he will not trouble you.' 'Take him up directly, you scoundrel.' shouted the gentleman, 'or else, by —— I'll report you. The policeman laughed, and walked away, leaving the swells swearing like good-uns."

The youth, whom we have before noticed as being partial to a drowsy life, now put in his word, and gave his affirmation as to the lenity of the police. His beat as he called it, was between the foot of Ludgate Hill and Blackfriars Bridge, "and neither the man who formerly looked about for the people there, nor his predecessor, ever once interrupted him in his laudable endeavours to collect pence, although he daily cadged in the very face of the guardian of the public."

It was now admitted by the whole of the company that only keep off any glaring annoyance, and the police would never say you did wrong."

"Well, well," observed Jack, "I believe, after all, London is still the place. I was once put into limbo in Norfolk, fourteen days, for simply asking a gentleman for a little money, and — me, if the constables there won't swear that old Belzebub is white, sooner than they will let a man clear. And now," said he, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, "I must to work once more, or else there will be short allowance to-morrow, I know."

At this there was a general movement among the company; even the sluggard himself raised up his heavy lump of a body, as if necessity had just given him a call,—yawned, and fumbled with his hands about his head and breast. For, be it known, that those ease-loving people have as great a respect for the Sabbath, as Sir Andrew Agnew himself; not that they care anything for such a place as a church, but for that inherent dislike which the whole tribe have to anything in the shape of labour, and which induces them to make an extra push on a Saturday night, in order that they may enjoy the Sunday as a holiday, with the rest of the labouring classes. It must likewise not be forgotten, that the police

are rather indulgent on a Saturday night, but more watchful on the Lord's day.

"Where shall we stand?" demanded a tape and thimble seller to a dealer in matches. "Tottenham Court, or Clare Market."

"Clare Market, to be sure!" answered the other; and we will have a drop of rum at the new gin-shop. I had half a pint there this morning with Morgan, and it was prime."

"Come, Blacksmith," (the name given to the fellow whom we had designated the sloth,) said a half-naked lad, with a strong Irish accent, "Come, boy, come, we must be dodging."

"Aye," replied his heavy crony, "I suppose we must. Have you got any browns (pence) about you, Paddy?"

"Yes," said the Hibernian, "I can *shand* a *quarthern*."

"Then, we'll go."

And accordingly they prepared, the sluggard in a soldier's flannel jacket, and a tattered pair of *breeks*, which was all that he considered requisite for the weather and his own particular profession. Paddy, a lean, pale-faced lad of eighteen, whose features bore the look of emaciation, from the continual use of tobacco—the pipe or quid never being out of his mouth, save at meals, (a short black stump now

ornamented his jaws—(with a shirt upon his back that had been as much acquainted with soap as the owner's skin, and a thin pair of canvass trousers, was the finish complete to this vagabond's costume. Away they went, in the true shipwrecked sailor-begging style—their arms folded, bodies bent, and lifting their feet at every step, as if they were afraid to touch the ground for cold, and which contributed to give them that rocking gait so peculiar to the sons of the ocean—their whole frames, too, shivering as if the frosty breath of Old Winter was stealing through their veins:—the sluggard to whine and cry for melting charity at the foot of Ludgate Hill, and Paddy, in his shirt, to cadge, at ten o'clock at night, in the windiest nook on Blackfriars Bridge.





## CHAPTER VI.

## A QUIET SCENE.

THE kitchen was now nearly empty. A candle in a brass candlestick was placed upon each table by the under deputy, which, with the help of a good fire, made the room feel somewhat comfortable, and even cheerful. Some two or three individuals still continued to shuffle the cards; and as many women placed themselves by the fire, with their legs stretched upon the forms, to smoke and beguile away the time, until "their men," as they termed them, would come back; while perhaps two or three of the "swinish multitude" might be heard snoring away their stimulus in a corner, in sounds both loud and deep.

On a Saturday evening, from the hours of eight and nine, until eleven, every cadging house is in general particularly quiet, for the reasons we have already stated; none ever going out to work on a Sunday (the sweepers of crossings,

of course, excepted), but those who are compelled from sheer necessity.

The room for some time enjoyed a tolerable degree of stillness. The master and an old female domestic occasionally entered, and made their exit. A lodger or so came home, and busied themselves in getting their refreshments. Two or three females dropped in from the women's kitchen, just by the way of having a little gossip; and, as is usual with the angelic part of the creation, scandal was the topic; how that such a one had been "carrying on," as they phrased it, all the week, getting drunk every day, and that they had never paid the landlord; and how that Mr. So-and-so was grumbling, as well he might; and how that Tom What-d'ye-call-him was going to be parted from Bet What's-her-name; "and, to tell the truth, no one pitied her; she came home *mortal* (insensibly intoxicated) twice or thrice a day, and what man *could* stand that? He had all but murdered her, the other night, but it was to no purpose; for she had taken every rag he had, even the very shirt off his back, and put them up the spout (the pawn-shop) this very morning. But as for Tom himself, he was as sober and as decent a man as ever entered a house, rarely ever seen the worse for drink above twice or thrice a week, &c., &c. With such

lady-like discourse as this, then; did those paterns of excellent nature while away the time, not forgetting too, every now and then, to strengthen their language with a few powerful asseverations.

From this interesting group, we turned to observe a few individuals staggering in, when a tall countryman, with his hat slouched over his ears, and one of those velvet shooting-jackets, which we have before noticed, and which indeed is the flash coat of low life, following close after, caught our attention. The sleeves of his jerkin were slit here and there, and the white shirt (the only one we had seen that night) protruding through the rents, gave it a good deal of the appearance of the slashed doublet of former days. As he advanced into the room, we soon recognised an old acquaintance in Harry ——, of ——, in Yorkshire.

This man who now stood before us, is one of the many instances, that are to be met with in those dens, of the strange vicissitudes of life. His youth was reared in one of the first boarding schools in Yorkshire, and, for many years, he was well known at Doncaster market as a gentleman farmer; nor is it a great while ago, since this very man might be seen dashing along those streets in his one-horse chaise. But, alas! what is he now? A crawler from door

to door with matches, or, when he can raise sufficient pence to purchase a stock of ballads, may be seen standing in the streets, straining himself to amuse the rabble—the inmate of a cadging house, and the companion of the lowest of the low. So much, then, for gambling and a jovial life. Notwithstanding his education, and the good society in which he must have moved, there was yet nothing of the remains of a gentleman about him; a considerable share of the fool and profligate was naturally engrafted in his character. A large black mark, in the shape of a half-moon, appeared to have been strongly indented by hard knuckles, below the left visual organ,—ornaments that are as frequently to be seen upon the inhabitants of St. Giles's, as rings are upon the visitors of St. James's. His ruffianly country dress, clownish manners, broad dialect of canny Yorkshire, with a certain cunning cast of the eye,—contracted no doubt by peering through the hedge, to see if the gamekeeper was *coming*,—all contributed to exhibit him before us, as the very *beau ideal* of a poacher.

“York! York!” was vociferated from different parts of the room, and to all of which the *bite*, or rather the bitten, answered, with good-humoured smiles. “He had just come in,” he said, “to see if his mate was come hyen yet; but

as he had not, he thought he could guess right weel where he wad be, and wad just step o'er to Brown's (the gin-shop) and see."

Away he went, and, in about ten minutes time, a roaring, roistering party was heard coming to the door. York entered, his arms loaded with eggs and bacon, and a glass or two the merrier. A Deaf-Burke-made fellow, an Irishman, half labourer and half beggar, who went under the name of Harlequin, reeled by his side in a state of high elevation, with two or three hangers-on, that trod close to their heels. Harlequin, filled with drink and overflowing with vanity, overwhelmed every one with noise and kindness.

The plates, &c., were soon put in order, and York showed himself no dispicable cook. He made the tea, fried the eggs and bacon, and as if not to be outdone in loving kindness by his mate, now loudly proclaimed, "that if ony man was in want of *summat* to eat, to come forward; for there was plenty for all.

A man, who had been sleeping behind the table, roused himself up at the invitation, and expressed his willingness for a cup of tea.

"Nay, I'll be —— if thou shall," says York; "thou's been drunk, man, fra night till morning, and fra morning till

night, these three weeks ; and I say that a man that can find money to drink, can find money to eat. To get drunk," he said, turning to the company, "the matter of twice or thrice a week, is a thing that ony man is liable to, and I say that such a man is welcome to a cup of tea, and maybe *summat* to eat ; but to be always drink, drinking, I say again, that a man who can find money to drink, can find money to eat, and so he shall not have a drop !"

During the latter part of this speech, the speaker's looks were directed towards the company, to see if it met with their approbation. Some two or three there were who drawled out that "it was right ;" but their assent seemed to be drawn from them, more in expectation of the good things that York was about to give away, than from any real coincidence with his opinion—even such cadging house morality as this, appeared to be too rigid for their notions of right and wrong. As for the man himself, whose drowsy and dissipated looks certainly presented the very picture of a sot, quietly swallowed the affront, and laid himself down again to sleep.

The Yorkshireman, however, had apparently set his own conscience to rest, and seemed to care very little about the

tranquillity of the other. He handed a piece of bacon to one, and a cup of tea to another; then thrusting a rasher into his own mouth, much in the style of a terrier griping a rat, chewed, bolted, swallowed, and gorged, until he had completely stuffed the inward man.

There was a fine contrast of national character between the Yorkshireman and his mate. The Irishman was all puff, blarney, and brag, and all the time had been in a humour either to fight or to shake hands. Nothing would serve him but to play at cards with every one of the company, offering the most tremendous odds; but, fortunately for him, there was not another purse-proud man in the room but himself. One poor fellow in particular, on whom he fastened, and who distinctly stated that he had no money, or else he would hazard a game. But this only served to set the Hibernian's froth in motion. He stormed, roused himself upon his legs, towered, and gave vent to a burst of blarney.

"Now, d—— it," says York, "I dinna like that—I dinna like it at all; attack a man that has *summat*, I say, and not one that has nought, and then that will luck *mair* like a man!" And with such hearty John Bull notions as these did *canny* Yorkshire browbeat his crony of the sister kingdom.

Some remarks were now made upon York's black eye, and various remedies proposed—such as the application of a piece of raw flesh, &c., to all of which the *Bite* did seriously incline, for, as he said, "It lucked scandalous-like to see a man with a black eye. But," says he, "Mike O'Brady maybe thinks he got clear of that; but, ye hear me say, he's mistaken? I was the other day at Epsom Races, and spent every ha'penny; and as I was coming off the course I met Tom ——, (a fellow, from whose appearance no one would suppose was worth two-pence, but who, in reality, was a partner of one of those gambling-tables which are carried to fairs and races), and asked him for three-pence to get a pint of *yell*. He pulled out ten shillings, and said I mot hae the loan of five pounds ony day; and when Doncaster races comes, I think I can raise other fifteen" (and to show this was no vaunt, thrust his hand into his bosom, and pulled out a handfull of the sinews of war—shillings and half-crowns), "that will be twenty, we'll make a match on it;" and raising his fist and his voice together, 'we will then see which is the best man.'

At this a tremendous row was heard at the door. St.



Giles's was just beginning his orisons. Loud shouts, hard blows, and deep oaths were heard, with cries for the policeman, and "Murder, murder," from powerful lungs. In a twinkling the kitchen was emptied, and then came the din of strife—struggling, heavy falls, swearing, the policeman's voice, and the roar of all parties.

As soon as this animated but common affair was over, the company returned; the most of whom seemed to think it scarcely worthy of further notice; but not so with Harlequin. The Irishman was outrageous—like the war-horse, his mettle was put in motion, he whooped and bellowed, and was all kicking for a row; threw off his jacket, displaying the upper part of his body in a state of nudity, and with his clenched hand slapped his breast, which sounded like a board; then striking out, right and left, two sunburnt arms of bone, like Ossian's heroes of old, cleaving the air with their arms for the coming fight swore that he had got one black eye, and by the Holy Mother Church and Daniel O'Connell, would not lay head upon pillow this very night until he got another.

At last, after much coaxing, pulling, and hauling, he was dragged to a seat, and John Barleycorn finally over-

came him, and delivered him for a time safely into the arms of Morpheus.

York sank down upon a seat, stretched his arms over the table, buried his head between them, and in an extremely short space of time, *Old Tom* gave notice that he too was fast acting as an opiate upon *canny* Yorkshire.



## CHAPTER VI.

## A LITTLE LITERARY CONVERSATION.

QUIETNESS was again restored. A group had gathered around the fire, to amuse themselves with a little chat. Among which was an attorney's clerk out of place, in the last stage of sottishness and vagrancy ; a drunken mechanic ; and a kind of decent itinerant, very pedagogue-like, an inveterate reader of the *Twopenny Police Dispatch* (the only paper the landlord took in), and a stout advocate of the Holy mother church and Daniel O'Connell, the father of the people, as he styled him. A few ungentlemanly words were exchanged between this small politician and a staunch supporter of the English Church ; several topics were descanted upon, among which was the character of Wellington and his campaigns. A short but lively description was given of the Battle of Vittoria, by an old soldier in a labourer's dress.

Wellington, it was said, was not the man he was, or else the papers did not speak the truth ; and, certainly, a few glaring facts were produced that they could, at least at times, make a mistake. This brought on a discussion about the management of newspapers.

One talkative fellow maintained that one newspaper was but merely a copy of another ; but this assertion was clearly set aside, and the duties of an Editor and Reporter nicely discriminated, by a very equivocal sort of a *gemman*, in a great coat, whom we strongly suspected was somewhat related to the Swell Mob.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE GAMING TABLE.

THE cards had been in constant motion,—either two or three, or more, engaged with them during the whole of the evening. The card party was now augmented to about sixteen or eighteen, all players and betters, not one of whom could boast of such a thing as a shirt, save the landlord, who at this moment presided as director in chief of the ceremonies, every deference being paid to the lord of the house, as “Master this,” and “Master that,” and “Master the other.”

Twopence to fourpence was the sum which each put down at every stake, and it was astonishing to observe how rapidly the coins were transported from one pocket to another.

“D—— it,” says a match-seller, “there goes eighteen-

pence. I brought in two shillings; I'll now not have enough left for my Sunday's dinner."

All this was said with the most perfect good humour, and at the same time putting down the other stake.

Occasionally one of those fiend-like looks, which are said to be so conspicuous at the splendid hells, might be seen stealing even across this low swindling table. But, upon the whole, the party was very sociable, winning and losing their money with the utmost equanimity of temper.

We observed more than one put down their last penny, and then light their pipes and walk out, puffing and humming away, in search of more.



## CHAPTER IX.

## AN UNDER-DEPUTY.

A STRANGE phenomenon about this time grinned in at the door, his face all wrinkled with age and smiles, and an extremely short pipe in his mouth, which was no other than Ben, the under-deputy, a snub-nosed, hard-featured, squat old boy, with a horn lantern in his hand, to see if any body wanted to turn in (go to bed).

As this individual is a fine specimen of the class to which he belongs, a slight sketch, perhaps, may not be unnecessary.

The deputies, we have before stated, are the men-servants of those establishments, they being better adapted as the waiters of these noisy houses than women. Ben our present subject, had all his life been a roadsman, and lived, as the professional phrase goes, the best way he could; and now,

in his old days, when his legs had become rather heavy for a tramp, had secured to himself that comfortable retreat—under-butler of the Beggar's Hall. He was well calculated to be the drudge of a common lodging house;—laborious, dull, and good-natured, answering every call, with as much patience as Francis in Henry the Fourth, with his "Anon anon!" He could sit up night and day—neither age nor toil seemed to have made much impression on his sinewy and hardened frame; indeed, to use the common saying, he was considered by all to be a durable slave.

Besides these serviceable qualities, Ben was considered a great favourite with the lodgers; was never known to utter a testy word, save and only then, when the *'bacco* grew short; like the rest of his tribe, he was an eternal smoker. This misfortune however, in being short of Virginia, was seldom of long duration. He never kept that event a secret; and, on such occasions, what could any honest-hearted cadger do, but offer their pouch to the willing old lad?

To light the lodgers to bed, was Ben's regular task—from eleven at night till three during the week, and until four on the Sunday morning.

At this summons, one or two who had become drowsy through the powerful influence of the pipe or pot, roused



themselves upon their legs—stretched their arms out, and yawned, which was as much as to say, “they would follow,” Ben took the hint, and moved on with his lantern, like an ostler leading horses to the stable, to show to which house in the building, and to what room, they were to repose their precious selves.



## CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN;—AND A LITTLE  
UNKNOWN.

THE kitchen was again getting crowded. The fire once more gave notice that it was busy with chops and steaks ; and as for the gambling-table, it had literally become thronged. The bawlers of catch-penny papers, or “book-sellers,” as they styled themselves, were now beginning to make their appearance, in parties of three or four ; every one having a copy of the news he had been so loudly proclaiming stuck in the front of his hat, with that awful word, “murder,” printed in large letters as the head-line ; or the more melancholy announcement of the dying speech of one John So-and-so. They busied themselves in arranging their papers and dividing the gains.

We have before noticed that these people have partners or mates. A quarrel was now about to take place between a

publisher and his Co. The Co. swearing that the principal was going to put him in the hole (cheat him) ; but after a recasting up of accounts, business was at length amicably adjusted. These lung-labourers then threw away all further care for the night, and each sought after his own individual amusement— as smoking, eating, gambling, and larking.

A singular being now entered the kitchen—one who would have afforded a fine treat to such observers as Sir Walter and the American Irving—those accurate delineators of the human race. Such places as these, we have before observed, teem with originality ; they, in fact, run wild (if we may so use the expression) with character.

The man, (for the creature was in masculine garb,) was between four and five feet high ; he was long armed, and one leg was rather longer than the other, which caused one of his shoulders to rise a little when he walked or stood, and which gave his shoulders, which were naturally broad, a very square appearance.

He was dressed in one of those flash coats already described whose full make, too, by no means diminished his breadth. A kind of shawl crossed his neck, or rather bosom, for his neck, was bare, in a style as if arranged by the hand of a female ; and underneath of which peeped two corners of his

shirt. His features were of that kind, that carried precisely the expression of those of a masculine woman; and when he spoke, it was a perfect puzzle to the stranger, to know whether he heard the voice of a man or a woman.

The creature himself (as if conscious of those singularities) affected a superior degree of manliness. Swagged around the room, his hat half pulled over his brows, and slouched a little on one side; assuming the scowling look of a bully, and at times the flashy air of a gallant.

He had a wife; and, as if that was not enough for any man, likewise had a mistress; and, to show that he was a professed admirer of the kind of Eve, took hold of his mistress when he entered with one hand, and waving the other above his head, sung "My love is like the red, red rose," in a voice at once powerful and sweet. Then taking her upon his knee struck up "the light, the light guitar," in a style so exquisitely musical and rich, as fairly to disturb the card-table, and draw from the whole company a thundering round of applause, with "Bravo, Bill!"

He appeared to be a creature of great spirit and vivacity, dashed about, throwing himself into pugilistic attitudes, and striking out, right and left, at his cronies, in sportive play, using at the same time the true slang of low, blackguard

life ; as, with great emphasis, ‘ I’ll —— into you, your—— pall ! ’ with a vast deal more of such high-toned language so appropriate for the gallant of a cadging house.\* He fell a capering, singing all the while with great animation, and beating time most elegantly with heel and toe, and giving vent to the fulness of his spirits in shouts, as “ He hows,” “ the Cadger Lad,” “ A roving life for me,” &c. ; and, catching hold of his wench again, thrust his hand into his bosom —pulled out a handful of silver ; swore, bravadoed,—squirted tobacco juice in the grate, and boasted of always being able to earn his ten shillings a day, and thought nothing of picking up a guinea in the same time at a race or fair. †

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\* See Glossary at end.

† This portrait, with the whole of the work, was written, and given to the publisher of one of the first magazines of the day, in November 1834, and the following report appeared in the papers in February 1835, and which, we think, authenticates pretty clearly the correctness of our statement. The reader will perceive a likeness.

#### HATTON GARDEN.

##### EXTRAORDINARY CASE——A MAN-WOMAN.

A creature in the garb of a man, who at the station-house had given the name of Bill Chapman, was placed at the bar with one Isabella

This money-making man, it may be supposed, was a street singer; and was reported to be a native of that country

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Watson, and complained of for being a common cheat and impostor, and creating a disturbance.

Oakley, inspector of the E division, stated that although the thing before them, that called itself Bill Chapman, was attired in man's apparel, he had ascertained that it was a woman.

Mr. Bennett, who was very much surprised, looked steadfastly at the prisoner and asked her name.

Prisoner (speaking in a rough manner.) "It is Mary Chapman."

Mr. Bennett. "I never saw a figure more like a man, and the voice is manly."

Oakley. "I have known her at least ten years, and she always appeared in a dress similar to the one she now wears, namely, a hat, smock-frock, trousers, or knee-breeches, and until last night I always supposed her to be a man. She is known all over England as a ballad-singer and a crier of 'The last dying speeches,' &c."

Mr. Bennett. "She may be a disorderly and disreputable character, which, in fact, her dressing as a man clearly shows, but I know of no law to punish her for wearing male attire."

Oakley. "She travels the country with a woman named Isabella Watson, and they are both known at every race-course and fair as ballad-singers, and considered to be man and wife."

Mr. Bennett. "She may have more than one reason for dressing in that manner, and passing as the husband of the woman Watson, and I wish it was in my power to imprison her."

Oakley. "For upwards of seven years she has occasionally lodged with Watson, at Mr. ——— in ——— street, St. Giles's, and they always passed as man and wife; and, moreover, Chapman smokes;

—the land of leeks and cheese ; that place where goats are said to abound—Wales.

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and whenever Watson gives her any offence, she beats her and blackens her eyes, though Watson is so much taller and apparently stronger."

Mr. Bennett. "It is a very extraordinary case. What have you to say, prisoner?"

Prisoner. "Isabella has lived with me as my companion for many years."

Mr. Bennett. "Why do you dress as a man?"

Prisoner. "I own I am disguised, and it was owing to the cruelty of a father-in-law that I first dressed in this manner. I never did harm to any person. I have been all over the kingdom, and never was in prison in my life before."

Mr. Bennett. "Well I should advise you to be careful: if I could punish you, I would."

Isabella Watson. "The poor fellow has been with me hundreds of miles as my companion, and he never got into a scrape before."

Mr. Bennett. "It is a case that puzzles me, but I must discharge the prisoner."

The prisoner, who was chewing tobacco, then bowed his head, and walked out of the office with Isabella, who exclaimed, "Never mind, my lad, if we live a hundred years it will be in this manner."

Watson is about five feet seven inches in height, with rather an intelligent countenance; and Chapman is not more than five feet high. Her hair is light brown, and cut short, the same as a man's; and she has the gait of a man, and looks like a costermonger.

We agree with this account in every thing except the height of the individuals. The reporter, we think, is a little man, who always sees inches through a magnifier. The man-woman is the height we have

The landlord opened the door, and gave orders for the card players to cease; it was twelve o'clock. The gamblers were loth, but the master was peremptory.

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stated, or rather less, and his wife is five feet two inches, instead of five feet seven. It is curious but nevertheless a fact, that, although this strange being had lodged for a number of years at the house alluded to, it was never known it was a woman, though at the same time it was never supposed that the creature was a man.





## CHAPTER XI.

THE LIFE OF LOW LIFE; OR THE GLORIOUS  
FINISH OF THE WEEK.

"Yes!" snivelled a street-preacher and psalm singer, who could scarcely hold up his head for strong drink; "we are now entering upon the Lord's day."

"Aye," observed a spouting vagabond, "it is so, old Mawworm, and you had better go to bed. You know you have your part to perform to-morrow."

"Yes!" he answered, adding a little snuff to his other stimulants, and muttered something about "God willing."

And now it was that the roar of revelry began—noise, disorder, and discord, all joined chorus. The players were let loose, and were giving vent to their different feelings, as ill or bad luck had attended them.

The lodgers were nearly all returned, every man and woman more or less in liquor. The boys of the Emerald

Isle were fast approaching to that state in which they are said to be in all their glory ; and nothing was now seen or heard but singing, swearing, cooking, eating, smoking, talking, larking, and quarrelling.

The first who broke the peace was a stout bare-footed fellow, a Welshman, who began beating his wife (a girl of the *pave*), for her excessive partiality for gin.

“ Are not you a pretty —— of a woman,” he exclaimed, with a voice as gruff as a ruffian’s could well be, “ to call yourself a man’s wife, to come home here, by ——, drunk, every night, while I am going about the streets all day long bawling myself hoarse ! ” and at the conclusion of every sentence sent her a blow of weight enough to lower one of his mountain bulls.

No one ever offered to interfere, although the woman’s face was already beginning to exhibit both blood and marks ; for, however that old right for a man to chastise his wife is repudiated in the other parts of society, in this refined age, yet in these walks of life, this ancient custom still holds good. Here a man is considered perfectly in the right to match his strength of arm against his wife’s strength of tongue.

The fellow hammered away at his helpless helpmate with hard words and harder blows, threatening all the time a

separation, and extolling to their skies the beauties and perfections of another nymph, whom he swore he would join.

Just at this moment the lady in question made her appearance; and, certainly, as far as personal looks, dress, and a more sober demeanour went, she was superior to the one in possession. The wife, who had borne beneath the weighty power of her husband, in as becoming a manner as a wife ought to do, now felt as if endowed with the nervous locks of Sampson; fired with jealousy, and backed by *Old Tom* (gin), she sprung upon her rival, and, in a moment, ribbons, caps, and hair, were twisted in the clenched hand. Down went a table and one or two forms,—men, women, and children,—and up rose yells, screams, and oaths, with all the stormy joys of fight seconding the uproar.

Old Ben rushed in, and did his utmost to restore order, but it was “no go,” as they would say—family affairs must be settled. The Amazons tugged and tore at each other, if not with the fury and hate of bull-dogs, at least like their mates. The wife had secured the sweetheart by the hair, and was taking a most merciless advantage, by keeping her down upon the floor, when a Scotch sailor, wishing, we suppose, to see a stand-up affair, unloosed her hold, and let the other escape. But Sawney had, at this time at least

reckoned without his host; he had been wise, he had left, the devil alone; for, loosing her vengeance, she turned all her remaining rage upon the northern, and soon made something trickle down his cheeks, of more consequence than tears.

The man never retaliated, but he was not without his friend. The woman who officiated as his wife—down with the child she had in her arms—flung off her shawl, and going up to the jade who had tickled her *gude mon*, poured forth a torrent of strong round words.

“Do you think,” she said, “that he has nobody to take his part, that you strike as if you were not to be struck again? No, no!” she added, “he is no man who will strike a woman except she be his own wife; but here, you —— —, I am your,” &c., &c.

“Honour among thieves!” thought we, and here’s fair play among cadgers. The other, who, to use the phrase of the ring, was blood to the back bone, and in a most excellent humour to accept a challenge, was not very slow in putting herself in order for what is termed a regular.

Ben tried again for peace, but it was no use. The master was gone to the house in the Broadway, and the inmates here

were wild. No nails, or tugging of hair, was brought into this action, but everything settled in the true old English style of disputing.

These paragons of the tender sex then threw themselves into attitudes that would have done honour to a Mendoza ; but Sawney's wife, who was a real Lady Barrymore hussey, proved the master at arms. Tall and bony, she slashed her opponent at arm's length, with the cutting force of a Curtis and presently ended her share of the fray.

The Welseman, after having seen his battered spouse taken care of, returned and going up to the Scotchman, very gravely said,

" Joe, I believe there is something between you and me. You were always a good 'un, but I cannot allow any man to meddle with my wife."

" Say no more," said the *canny* Scot ; " it's all right. No man ever heard me say, nay."

" No never!" shouted the most of the company. " You were always a trump !"

" Well then says Taffy, " let's have this turn over, and we'll be friends yet."

And with this kind of chivalrous feeling, did these two

honourable blackguards prepare to maul each other, zealously encouraged by their friends. Sawney's wife telling him, that if he did not soften that lump of goat's flesh, she would give him a lesson herself how to fist a man.

It was curious to observe how differently these people were affected, when a violent struggle was about to take place. The most of the youngers, particularly the females, got upon the window-ledge tables, and forms, but most of the veterans in vice never moved out of their seats.

The sole garments of the Scot consisted of a loose, ragged great coat. and a pair of trousers of of equal value. Wheeling himself round for the combat, in a kind of bravo style, his cumbrous coat dropped off his shoulders, with as much ease as if it had been the cloak of a Spanish duellist, and presented a frame formed for the ring. Rather under-sized, light limbed, broad chested, and strong armed, all sinew and bone, with a step as light as an Indian, and an eye as fierce as a Mohawk.

After a little play with their fists, by the way of feeling how each other stood, and an exchange or two of favours, the Scot sent in a straight right-handed hit on the throat, with as much force as if the whole weight and strength of his body

had been concentrated in the blow. His man was prostrate head foremost under the bars. Taffy's lump of a body was picked up, for his soul seemed as if it had taken its flight to Davy Jones. It was all over, and Joe, the "o'er the border man," was cheered with deafening acclamations, whoops, and yells.

Harlequin, who ought to have been christened Hercules, from his Atlas-like shoulders, was now standing in the middle of the floor, like a surly boar roused from his lair, by he seat he had been sleeping upon being overturned, and, catching instinctively, as it were, that fights were going on, longed for some object on whom he could soothe his disturbed blood. He had flung his jacket over his arm, and, like a true bully, was striking his naked breast with his fist, and daring in his own low, disgusting slang, the best man in the room to turn out.

The place, at this moment, bore no bad resemblance to the infernal regions. The tables, forms, and windows were crowded, and drunkenness, ruffianism, and profligacy, were revelling in all the demoniac delights of mischief. Shouts, roars, and yells, shook the house, for the Scot to accept the challenge, Ben's voice in the din, was like a mite in the universe.

Sawney had just moved a step, to take the bear by the paw, when an apparition appeared that instantly quelled the riot.

We have heard of a story of the devil obtruding himself on a company playing at cards on a Sunday morning, and petrifying the Sabbath-breakers by the sight of his club foot; or we might imagine Jove silencing the stormy contentions of Olympus by his nod; but neither of these had a greater effect than had the blue physog. of a police sergeant showing his awe-inspiring self in at the door.

Down crouched the vagabonds? every tongue was hushed as if Silence had stilled their throats with his finger. Some took their pipes, affected to appear tranquil, but smoked very confusedly, and a slight tremor might be observed in their fingers. As for Harlequin, he stood with his naked form, and his jacket flung over his arm, with a look as condemned as if the cap was about to be placed upon him.

The policeman never once opened his lips, but moved forward, with all the commanding importance of office, as he held his lantern from one ruffian's face to another. The landlord came in, and apologized for the noise, and promised that there should be no more disturbance. The guardian of the night nodded, and walked out.



The lodgers were then entertained with a lecture, with threats of turning out, and sending to the station-house. Three or four of the most unruly were dragged away to bed and the rest left, with strong injunctions to enjoy nothing but harmless mirth.



## CHAPTER XII.

ONE NOISE SUBSTITUTED FOR ANOTHER.—THE  
CLAMOURS OF STRIFE EXCHANGED FOR THE  
SONGS OF PEACE.

“Music soothes the savage breast.”

It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the streets of St. Giles's were as lively as the other back parts of the metropolis are at eleven at night. The several lodging houses round about were sending forth their various sounds, and an occasional meeting, at the doors, between two friends, with an interchange of blows, tended to keep the policeman from being weary on his duty.

Our company had been to strongly excited, notwithstanding the little check they had received, to sink into anything like sober chat. As soon as this profligate crew were left to themselves, they began to recover their spirits, by whistling and singing—beating time, with their hands upon the tables,

and their heels upon the floor, so that one noise was substituted for another and the clamours of strife exchanged for the songs of peace.

The he-woman gave two or three of the sentimental songs



of the day, with her usual ability; and that popular song, "The Sea," was sung in fine taste by a chorus singer of Drury Lane. *Richard's* soliloquy was ranted in stark staring style by a young vagabond who spouted from tavern to tavern for a living. An Italian air was screamed and quivered by

an elderly female, who once strutted upon the stage, but who now was half bent with care, want, and blue ruin (gin). It was considered by all to be excellent, (the poor always feeling a respect for what the rich admire) although there were none there that had either hearts or heads to feel or understand it.

Some curious imitations of birds were given by a comical sort of a character, who had a good deal of wit and foolery about him. A jolly drinking song with admirable humour by a hawker of flower-pots—a stout middle-sized young fellow, in a smock frock, and a low crowned hat, with a round ruddy face, and merry eye—one, too, who was all lark frolic and fun—a very English John with a pipe and jug.

A tall athletic youth, and a short thick-set man (brothers) dressed in flash coats, (velvet shooting jackets), ornamented with large ivory buttons, and their hats slouched on, sat in a corner smoking their pipes. They bore the exact appearance of being half poachers, and half tillers of the earth; fellows who, upon a pinch, would have no objections to take the road with a bludgeon—the very models of country black-guards. They were both in liquor—the shorter one so much so, that he had become quite obstreperous, and had once or twice interrupted the other vocalists; and now, as if unable

to contain himself any longer, broke out with a strong voice slobbered a little though from too much malt—

“ With a dog and gun, and all such ware,  
To Donerby woods we did repair.  
We went till we came to Ryburn town,  
And there we drank of ale around.

“ We ran these dogs till almost one,  
Which made the gamekeeper load his gun —”

here the honest fellow hiccuped, which rather interrupted his harmony; at length, after a stare, as if to collect his ideas, an extra exertion, and a kind of vaunting look—again stammered forth with—

“ If they had took us, and fought us like men,  
We should not have valued them two to their ten.”

This last burst was too much for his remaining senses; he dropped on the floor—the proper level for all toppers.

But the best specimens were the street singers, that ragged, squalling class. A dirty tattered, coarse-featured wench whose visits from the cadging house could only be varied to the gin shop and pawn shop, came singing and dancing in rocking her body to and fro. She was saluted by the name, of “ Bristol Bet,” and “ Give us the sergeant;” but Bet had tasted too much of the inspiring liquid, to answer their calls

with promptitude. She footed away vigorously, to drive away care, seconding every caper with a shout, and "Jack's the lad," and slapping her body, and heel, in rather an unlady-like style.

After giving her legs a proper shaking, she laid her head a little on one side, and moving it, with her foot to keep time, screamed out, in notes both loud and shrill,

"One lovely morning as I was walking,  
In the merry month of May,  
Alone a smart young pair were talking,  
And I overheard what they did say.  
The one appeared a lovely maiden,  
Seemingly in grief and pain,  
The other was a gay young soldier.  
A sergeant in the waggon train."

This appeared to be a real "Sweet Home" song; it went to the heart of every one in the room, who roared and bel-  
lowed applause, and thumped away with their hands and feet on the floor and tables. Bet never stopped until she had given the whole history of the Sergeant and his dearest Nancy. This poetry and music was too congenial to be easily set aside.

One of the same sex, and certainly one of the same family, a low, squat, scowling, weather-beaten looking hussey, a cadger born and bred, whose shoulders seemed as if they had been squared and rounded by a child continually laying upon them. She was the real songstress of low life; Vulgarity might have taken her by the hand. Throwing up her face which was the very symbol of bad weather and an easterly wind, doled out.

“ It was down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander,  
It was down in the lowlands a poor boy did roam ;  
By his friends he was neglected, he looked so dejected,  
A poor little fisherman's boy so far away from home.”

This dismal ditty, although it brought down thunders of applause, made our very flesh to creep, as it brought to our mind cauld rainy nights, starving times, Ratcliff Highway, and Whitechapel, as the other had street mobs and lads whistling and singing the popular sergeant, as they trudged home from their work at night.

They were all now in the piping mood. The wooden-legged sailor, Jack, our old friend, would have given them “ Rude Boreas,” but only stiff Mr. Grog would not let him ; and, after one or two ineffectual attempts to clear his throat was persuaded to stagger off to his berth above stairs, respect-

ably propped on one side by his mate, a *gemman* rather top heavy, and his noble timber supporter on the other.

York, who had slept the sleep of "deep sleep," never once being disturbed by the din,—for as the seaman is used to the roar of the ocean, so the cadger is used to the roar of revelry,—now opened his eyes, and feeling his lungs and his spirits in refreshing order, made bold to rehearse the exploits of "Bauld Turpin," that mischevious blade; but, unfortunately for his talents as a vocalist, sung it so much in the dry and drawling dialect of a canny Doncaster lad, that the whole company, one and all, were fit to split their sides at York.

Songs, English, Irish, and even Welsh ditties, were bawled and drawled out, until one after one sunk into the arms of the sleeping god.

The master and his man seized this favourable opportunity to haul and coax away a number to bed. Harlequin, who had become fresh again, as he would have termed it, raised the Welshman who had had the fray in his arms, as if he had been a child, and carried him above stairs to his resting-place. York was led most lovingly out by a comely maiden from the mountains of Wales, who had lately become his wife for so long a time.



By the by, this is a great place for the ancient Britons ; numbers of whom, with their Welsh names and broken English, make this house their home. There, there might be seen, William Williams fra Glamorganshire, and Hugh Morgan fra Glamorganshire, and David Jones fra Swansea, and Thomas Thomas fra Monmouthshire ; with a host of round-faced, and had once been decent, man-hatted wenchies.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE CLOSE OF THE NIGHT.

THE point of time was now moving fast to the stroke of four. The nymphs of the *pave*, who made this place their habitation, were all returned from the toils of the night. About a dozen or two of both sexes were gathered together around the fire, chatting of the various occurrences of the preceding day, or otherways quietly amusing themselves. The females—the most of whom cohabited with the men now in the kitchen—were a miscellaneous set; cadgers, flower-girls, servants out of place—or of that class denominated unfortunate. Some, too, went out to char and wash, and all united to their several professions the privilege of the *pave*. One or two, about a twelvemonth ago, had been the *belles* of Regent-street walk, but whose bloated cheeks and tattered shawls now made them fit denizens for St. Giles's.

A stout, middle-aged, good-looking woman, who had once been cook and housekeeper in a gentleman's family, and who still retained something of the decency and respectability of her former appearance, was now by misfortune reduced to be their associate. A few were young and handsome, and, what would appear strange in such a place, even well dressed.

There were two girls (sisters) who were romping about with a young lad, certainly in rather an unboarding-school-like manner, that particularly attracted our attention. They were both neat and clean, and genteel in their apparel. One of them, indeed, might be called beautiful. These girls had three ways of making a living. The first was that of selling flowers; the second, begging as servants out of place; the third, and certainly the best, was, to use their own phrase, "seeing gentlemen." It is a fact what we are going to state, that one of these girls has been known to make as much as five pounds a day—doubtless by the *seeing* profession and although cadgers from their birth, and born and bred, as we may say, in vice, yet it was but a few days before this, that we heard these young strumpets (for they deserve no better name) abusing an unfortunate woman who lodged in the house, using the most opprobrious language; and had

at the same time, the most singular audacity to style themselves modest girls.

Of the males, the most of them were young men who had once been in better circumstances, but who now were reduced to get their living by calling papers about the streets. A few fine characters might have been picked out amongst those prodigal sons, as they stood warming their backs, or grouped together in this Vagabond's Hall.

There was an Anglo-German; he was very respectably dressed, only he had neither shoes or stockings, and though of small stature, had a voice like thunder; he was of course, considered a first-rate patterer (caller). Another, a merchant's clerk and active young man, and an excellent mimic, but a *Careless* himself. The third, a Welshman; one who might have caused a painter to halt—a model of strength; in size and form like one of his own mountain bulls, with a voice as hoarse as the winter's blast on Snowdon. He was a fine compound of ruffianism, shrewdness, and a sort of caustic humour. The fourth and last, was a tall, genteel young man, a draper, or, rather had been; he was still very smart, although much out at elbows. He had a pair of fine large, showy, sharp-pointed whiskers; was exceedingly fond of hard words, and, in his speech, superfine in the extreme.

He had been highly chagrined that very night, at a person expressing surprise at seeing him at Cadger's Hall, he considering that a man might make himself respectable wherever he might be, always provided that he conducted himself with propriety; in short, maintaining to the very last, the shadow of his former consequence.



The clock chimed the warning to the final hour. A policeman came in, supporting a man he had picked up in

the streets in the last stage of inebriation. Ben put out one of the lights, and gave notice that it was time to move.

The landlord busied himself in rousing two or three slumberers by sundry shakes and pushes with his foot,—not, reader to go to bed, but to go out,—they being lodgers who, having run out of coin and out of credit, were allowed for old acquaintance sake, to lie about the kitchen while it was open, but were invariably desired to depart at the lock-up hour.

The poor wretches got up, buttoned their clothes about them, thrust their hands into their bosoms, and shuffled out half asleep, a melancholy instance of the trials of the children of poverty and crime. The lodgers moved slowly off to bed, one by one; the kitchen was securely locked up, and the landlord then walked away, leaving drunkenness, misery and debauchery about the door.





# FLASH DICTIONARY.

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## A.

**ABBESS**, a bawd, the mistress of a bawdyken.

**Abbott's Priory**, the King's Bench Prison

**Abram Cove**, a naked or poor man, a sturdy beggar in rags

**Above par**, having the needful, possession of the poney, plenty of money, 'best bliss of earth'

**Abram men**, fellows dressing themselves in various rags, old ribbon, fox tails, beg-



- ging in the streets, pretending to be mad, fellows who steal pocket books only
- Abram, to sham, to slum, to pretend sickness
- Academy, a brothel, bagnio
- Academican, a scholar at an academy, a whore at a brothel
- Academy, a floating, a hulk at Woolwich for convicts
- Ack ruffians, rogues who in conjunction with watermen sometimes rob and murder on the water
- Ack pirates, fresh water thieves who steal on navigable rivers
- Acting the deceitful, performing, mumming, acting
- Adam, a henchman, an accomplice
- Adam's ale, our first father's drink, water, 'best with brandy'
- Adam tiler, a receiver of stolen goods, a pickpocket, a fence
- Affair of honour, killing an innocent man in a duel
- All set, desperate fellows, ready for any kind of mischief
- Alderman in chains, turkey and sausages
- Alive, awake, fly, up, leary, acquainted with
- All out, the reckoning drank out, 'How stands the account 'twixt me and vengeance?'
- Ambidexter, one who snacks in gaming with both parties
- Amen curler, a parish clerk
- Anglers or starrers, an order of thieves who break show glasses in jeweller's windows to steal the goods
- Angling cove, a receiver of stolen goods
- Angelics, young unmarried ladies
- Anointed, knowing, ripe for mischief
- Arm props, crutches
- Arch rogue, the chief of a gang of thieves, or gypsies
- Arch doxey, the same among female canters or gypsies
- Astronomer, a star gazer, a horse that carries his head high
- As right as a trevit, the tippy all right
- A pig's whisper, a grunt, 'a word 'twixt you and me'
- Aunt, a bawd, sometimes called mother
- Autem, a church, meeting-house
- Autem cacklers, dissenters of all sects
- Autem bawler, a preacher, a parson
- Autem dippers, anabaptists
- Autem cackel tub, a meeting

- house for dissenters, a pulpit  
 Autem divers, pickpockets who practise in churches; also churchwardens and overseers of the poor, who defraud, deceive, and impose on the parish  
 Autem gogglers, conjurors, fortune tellers  
 Autem mort, or mot, a woman of the same sect, a beggar, a prostitute  
 Autem quaver's tub, a quaker's meeting house
- B.
- BABES** in the wood, rogues in the stocks or pillory  
 Bacon-faced, full faced  
 Back slums, low unfrequented parts in the metropolis  
 Badge coves, parish pensioners  
 Badge, one burnt in the hand  
 Badger, to confound, perplex, or tease  
 Badgers, forestallers and murderers  
 Bag the swag, pocket your portion, hide your whack  
 Baggage, a slut, a common prostitute  
 Ball o'wax, a snob or shoemaker  
 Ballum ranorum, a hop or a dance, where the women are all prostitutes  
 Balsam, rag, rhino, money
- Balm, a lie  
 Bandog, a bum-bailiff  
 Bank, a depository for cash at a gaming-table  
 Bandy, a tanner, a sixpence  
 Banyan day, Saturday, when there's nothing left to eat  
 Bantling, a young child  
 Bar that, cheese it, stow it, don't mention it  
 Barber's clerks, conceited ignorant shop-boys  
 Bark, an Irishman  
 Barker, a salesman's servant, a prowler to pick up countrymen in the streets  
 Barking irons, pistols  
 Barnacles, spectacles  
 Battered bully, an old gloak, well milled huffing fellow  
 Bawd, a procuress, a woman that keeps a brothel  
 Batter, on ox  
 Beak, a justice of the peace, a magistrate  
 Beak, rum, a justice who will do any thing for money  
 Beak queer, a magistrate that is particulalaly strict to his duty  
 Beaks out on the nose, magistrates out on a search night  
 Beaksman, traps  
 Bear leader, a travelling tutor  
 Beat, a watchman's walk  
 Beaver or tile, a hat  
 Beck or harman, a beadle

- Beeswax, cheese  
 Belch, malt liquor  
 Ben or Sam, a raw, a novice  
 Bean traps, genteel dressed sharpers, fortune hunters  
 Beef, to alarm, to discover, to pursue  
 Belly cheat, an apron, a pad  
 Belly timber, food of all sorts  
 Belly-go-fister, a hard blow on the belly  
 Bene, prime, good  
 Bene cove, hearty fellow, a tramp  
 Bene bowse, good beer  
 Bene of gibes, counterfeiters of passes  
 Bene darmans, good night  
 Bene fakers, counterfeiters  
 Bender, a shilling  
 Benjamin, a top coat, a great coat  
 Betty, a small picklock  
 Bever, an afternoon's luncheon  
 Better half, an ironical name for a wife  
 Biddy, a fowl, a capon, or chicken; a young chicken  
 Bilboa, a sword, or any pointed instrument  
 Billing and cooing, the sexes humbugging one another; courting  
 Bilk, to swindle, cheat  
 Bing, to cut, go away  
 Bingo, spirituous liquors  
 Bingo boy, a male dram drinker  
 Bingo mot, a female dram drinker  
 Bit, money  
 Big'uns, men of consequence  
 Bit, taken in, duped  
 Bit, queer, counterfeit money  
 Bit cull, a coiner  
 Bit smasher, an utterer of base coin  
 Bit of cavalry, a knacker, a saddle horse  
 Bit of muslin, a flame, a sweetheart  
 Bitch, to, to yield, to give up an attempt thro' fear  
 Bitch, to, a character, or to perform any thing badly  
 Biting your name in, taking a large draught, drinking greedily  
 Blab, a prating stupid fellow, a fool  
 Blab, to, to nose, to chatter. to tell secrets  
 Black beetles, the lower order of people  
 Black diamonds, coals, or coal heavers  
 Black boy, a clergyman  
 Black Indies, Newcastle  
 Black-strap, port wine  
 Black box or knob, a lawyer  
 Black spy, an informer  
 Black act, act of picking locks  
 Black cove dubber a gaoler or turnkey  
 Black-legs, sharpers, fellows who lay wagers, and after

- losing cannot pay them ; a  
 professed gambler  
 Black houses, prisons  
 Blank, frustrated, baffled  
 Blarney, a wonderful story  
 flattery. *See* Gammon  
 Bleaters, lambs, sheep  
 Bleats, a sheep stealer  
 Bleak mot, a fair girl  
 Bleeder, a crammer, a lie  
 Blind, to. to cheat under a  
 pretence  
 Blind harpers, itinerant vaga-  
 bonds with harps  
 Blinker, a one-eyed horse  
 Block, jemmy, pipkin, head  
 Block houses, prisons  
 Blow out, a belly full, an ex-  
 traordinary meal  
 Blow a cloud, smoking a pipe  
 Blow the gab, to split, to ex-  
 pose, inform  
 Blow, to split, tell, expose  
 Blow me tight, a sort of bur-  
 lesque oath ; as, If I don't  
 I'm jigger'd, &c.  
 Blowings, prostitutes  
 Blue ruin, gin  
 Blue devils, blues, low spirits,  
 horror struck  
 Blue pigeon filers, or flyers,  
 thieves who steal lead from  
 the tops of houses and  
 churches  
 Blubber, to whine, to cry  
 Bluff, to bustle, look big  
 Bluffer, an impudent imposing  
 fellow of an inn-keeper  
 Blunderbuss, a stupid ignorant  
 fellow  
 Blunt, tip, rag, money  
 Boarding school, a house of  
 correction, or prison  
 Bob, a shilling  
 Bob, a shoplifter's assistant  
 Bob-stick, a hog, a shilling  
 Bobtail, a lewd woman, or  
 prostitute  
 Bobbery, a disturbance, a row  
 Bobbish, tol lol, pretty well in  
 health  
 Body bag, a shirt  
 Body snatchers, bailiffs, police  
 officers  
 Boggy, kiddy, covey  
 Bog trotters, lower orders of  
 Irishmen  
 Bogey, old Nick, the devil  
 Bolt the moon, to cheat the  
 landlord by taking the goods  
 away in the night, without  
 paying the rent  
 Bolt, cut, go, make yourself  
 scarce  
 Bolted, hopped the twig, shuf-  
 fled, gone  
 Bone, to steal  
 Bone box, the mouth  
 Bonesetter, a hackney coach  
 Bonnetter, a thump on the  
 hat  
 Bon vivant, a choice spirit, a  
 jolly dog  
 Booth, a place for harbouring  
 thieves  
 Booked, in for it, dished

- Booze, drink  
 Boozy, drunk  
 Boozing ken, a lush crib, a sluicery, ale-house  
 Bore, a tedious story, or a vexatious circumstance  
 Bordell, a bawdyken, house of ill fame  
 Bottle-head stupid, void of sense  
 Bought, anything that's dearly paid for  
 Bounce, to lie, to swagger  
 Bounceable, proud, saucy  
 Bower, the, Newgate  
 Bowsprit, cork snorter, the nose  
 Bow wow mutton, cag mag, dog's flesh, bad ill looking meat  
 Bow wow broth, broth made of stinking meat  
 Bow mam, a thief  
 Box o'dominos, mouth and teeth  
 Box of ivory, the teeth  
 Box Harry, to go without victuals  
 Boxed, locked up  
 Boxing a Charley, upsetting a watchman in his box  
 Brads, money  
 Brass, impudence  
 Bracket face, devilish ugly  
 Bravoes, bullies  
 Bread basket, the stomach  
 Breaking shins, borrowing money  
 Breeze, kicking up a, exciting a disturbance  
 Brisket beater, a Roman Catholic  
 Brick, a loaf  
 Broads, carls  
 Brogue, Irish accent  
 Broom, go, cut, be gone  
 Browns, copper coin  
 Brown Bess, a soldier's fire-lock  
 Brown suit, no go  
 Brown gater droppings, heavy wet, heavy brown, beer  
 Brush, or buy a brush, be off, make yourself scarce  
 Brusher, a full glass  
 Brushed off, run away  
 Bub, guzzle, drink  
 Bubble, to cheat, defraud  
 Bub, rum, good liquor  
 Bob, queer, bad liquor  
 Buff, to to swear falsely, to perjure  
 Buffer, a perjurer  
 Buffer napper, dog stealer  
 Bug to damage  
 Buggaboos, sheriff's officers  
 Buggy, a one-horse chaise  
 Bugging, money taken by bailiffs not to arrest a person  
 Bull, a blunder  
 Bull, crown piece  
 Bull, half a crown piece  
 Bull dogs, pistols  
 Bulk, a fellow that attends a pickpocket, to receive stolen goods

- Bully, a cowardly blustering fellow, pretended husband to a bawd or prostitute  
 Bully rocks, impudent villians kept to preserve order in houses of ill fame  
 Bully traps, pretended constables called to frighten the unwary and extort money  
 Bum, a bailiff  
 Bum'd, arrested  
 Bunce of dog's meat, a squaling child in arms  
 Bunce of fives, the closed hand the fist  
 Bunch of onions, chain and seals  
 Bunter, a low-life woman  
 Buntlings, petticoats  
 Bung-eyed, drunk, tipsy  
 Burning the ken, vagabonds residing in an alehouse, and leaving it without paying the reckoning  
 Buss, a kiss  
 Bustle, ready money  
 Buster or burster, a loaf of bread  
 Button, a bad shilling  
 Buttering up, praising, flattering  
 Buttock and file, pickpocket  
 Buzman, a pickpocket  
 Buz, a pickpocket  
 Bye-blow, a bastard
- C.
- CABBAGE**, tailors' perquisites  
 Cadger, a beggar, a scragging cove, a mean sort of a thief  
 Cag inag, stinking or bad meat  
 Cake, an easy stupid fellow  
 Camesa, a shirt or shift  
 Canary bird, the inmate of a prison  
 Cank, dumb, silent  
 Cannister, *see* Block  
 Cant, mock religion, language of methodists  
 Canter gloak, a parson, a liar  
 Canting, language of thieves gypsies, beggars, &c.  
 Canting crew, impostors who go about preaching, methodists, &c.  
 Canticle, a parish clerk  
 Cap, to to out do, to beat  
 Caper merchant, a dancing master  
 Captain tober, first rate highwayman  
 Captain, head of a gang, a bully  
 Captain Flashman, a blustering fellow, a coward  
 Captain queer Nabs, a dirty fellow without shoes  
 Captain Sharp, a cheat, a bully  
 Caravan, great quantity of money  
 Carrion case, shirt and shift  
 Carrion hunters, undertakers  
 Castor, a tile, a hat  
 Cass, cheese  
 Cast your skin, strip naked

- Cat. a drunken, fighting prostitute  
 Cat's meat, the constitution, the body  
 Cat's meat shop, an eating house  
 Catastrophe, behind, seat of honour  
 Catchpole, bailiff  
 Catgut scraper, a violin player  
 Cavi, to jaw, quarrel  
 Cavan, an old wig, or jasey  
 Chimmy, a shift  
 Chaff, irritating, or ironical language, to banter  
 Chaffer, the mouth  
 Chaffing crib, a drinking room where bantering is carried on  
 Chalk, advantage  
 Chalks, the legs  
 Chant, a flash song  
 Chancery, head in, said in fighting, of him whose head is held fast under the arm of his antagonist, and gets punished with little chance of extricating himself, unless he floors his man  
 Charley, a watchman  
 Charm, picklock  
 Chats, lice  
 Chates, the gallows  
 Chaw-bacons, countrymen, bumpkins  
 Cheeks, an imaginary person; nobody; as, who does that belong to? *Cheeks*.
- Cheese it, stow it, give over drop it  
 Cheese cutters, bandy legs  
 Chere amie, a bed fellow a sweetheart  
 Chickster, a flame, a prostitute  
 Chink, rhino, rag, money  
 Chiv, a bleeder, a knife  
 Chizzle, to gammon cheat  
 Chuff, jolly, merry  
 Chum, a bedfellow, a companion, fellow prisoner  
 Chummy, or clergyman, a sweep  
 Civil rig, a trick of the beggars to obtain by over civility  
 Clean shirt day, Sunday  
 Clankers, silver tankards  
 Clapper judgeon, a beggar born  
 Claret, blood  
 Cleaned, out mucked having lost all your money  
 Clench it, complete the thing finish the business  
 Clerked, cheated, imposed upon  
 Clicks in the gob, thumps in the mouth  
 Click, a knock down blow  
 Clinkers, fetters  
 Clickman toad, a watch\*

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\* It was originally called so from the following circumstance. A gentleman passing through some part of the West of England, by accident lost his watch, and a greenhorn hearing it tick imagined it to be

Clink, to nab, to snatch  
 Clockey, a watchman  
 Cloy to steal  
 Cly or clie, a pocket  
 Coach wheel, a crown piece  
 Cock chafer, a lady bird, a prostitute  
 Cloaker, drop at Newgate  
 Coffee-mill, watchman's rattle  
 Cock, a trump, good fellow  
 Cob, a dollar  
 Cobble colter, a turkey  
 Cog, to cheat with dice  
 Cogue, a glass of gin  
 Colt, one who lets horses to highwaymen  
 Coal-scuttle, a large bonnet  
 Cole, or coal, blunt, money  
 Collector, a highway robber  
 Colguarian, the neck  
 College, the King's Bench or Fleet Prison  
 Commission, a shirt  
 Commission, to shake your to shake your whole frame

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some live creature; so with the greatest astonishment carried it to his neighbours, who, equally amazed as himself, (for none of them had ever heard of such a thing as a watch) thought it was some reptile, and so christened it a 'Clickman toad;' and with a view to get a breed of young clickman toads, put it with a real toad; but after making many fruitless trials, they all assembled together and dashed its brains out for madness.

Conk, the sneezer, the nose  
 Convenient, a mistress  
 Cooler, a glass of porter  
 Coal-box, chorus of a song  
 Cod, haughty meddling fool  
 Come down, to give, stand treat  
 Come out, worse than very bad, execrable  
 Communicator, bell  
 Conk the nose  
 Collar, to grab, snatch,  
 Cooped in durance vile, to lock up in a goal  
 Corinth, a brothel  
 Coriander seed, money  
 Corinthians, men of rank  
 Corpus, the body  
 Core, the heart  
 Coppers, halfpence  
 Conveyancers, thieves  
 Costermongers, jackass boys, venders of greens &c.  
 Cove, or covey, a fellow  
 Cove, a receiver of stolen goods  
 Covess of a ken, a female keeper of a brothel  
 Cove, lumber, a person that keeps a place for thieves  
 Cover me decent, a top tog, a great coat  
 Cover me properly, fashionable toggery  
 Cover me queerly, ragged raiment  
 Court-card, a trump  
 Counting-house, Mrs. Jones's, the privy



Coxy fuss, billing and cooing	Cur, a sneak, a coward
Crabb shells, shoes	Curbing law, to take goods out of window
Crack, to break open	Carl, clippings of money
Cracksman, a housebreaker	Curlers, Jews who sweat gold coin by rubbing them together, for the dust
Crack'd canister, a broken head	Cursitons, broken down lawyers, Newgate attorneys
Cramp-rings, fetters	Cussin, a man
Crammer, a lie	Cut, sheer off, go, avoid, or shun a companion
Cramp words, sentence of death passed on a criminal	Cut bene, to speak gently
Crap, money	
Crapp'd, hanged	D.
Crapping curl, an executioner	DAB, a bed
Creeme, to put money in the hands of another	Dab, one who is clever
Crank, gin and water	Dad, a father
Crib, to thief	Daffy, max, gin
Crib, a ken, a mean looking room	Dagen, a sword
Crikey, a word of wonderment	Daddle, the hand
Crimp, a decoyer, kidnapper	Damn, to crush, to do away with a drama
Crony, a companion	Damp your mugs, wet your mouth, drink
Cropping, the tail	Dandy, a swell, an exquisite
Cross, on the getting a living by dishonest means	Dancers, stairs
Cross fight, a sold battle	Darby, ready money
Cross bite, to cheat a friend	Darbies, sausages, fetters
Cross the herring pond, transported to Botany-bay	Darby's fair, the day when felons are removed to Newgate for trial
Crowdsman, a fiddler	Darkey, night
Crummy, fat	Darkmans, the night
Crusty, vexed, chagrined	Darken the daylight, to close up the eyes
Cub, a young child	Dash, a waiter
Cucumbers, tailors	Dash, a portion
Cuffin queer, a magistrate	
Culch, cag-mag meat, or the refuse of anything	
Culp, a kick	
Cup-hot, very drunk	

- Daylights, the eyes  
 Dealers in queer, passers of  
   bad money  
 Dead beat, done over  
 Derrick to, to set out on an  
   enterprise  
 Deuce, twopence  
 Deux wins, two pence  
 Dews, a crown piece  
 Dew-beaters, the feet  
 Diamond squad, folks of quality  
   big'uns  
 Diamond a horn to, to put a  
   stone under the shoe, to  
   sham walking lame  
 Diddle, spirituous liquors  
 Diddle cove, landlord of a gin  
   shop, &c.  
 Diddle, to cheat  
 Die proud, or game, to die  
   with courage, or hardened  
 Dimmock, money  
 Dimber, handsome pretty  
 Dimber damber, the king of  
   the canting crew  
 Dimber cove, a pretty cove, or  
   fellow  
 Dimber mot, an enchanting  
   girl  
 Ding, to throw away  
 Ding boy, a rogue, knave, or  
   sly fellow  
 Dinger, a pickpocket, or thief  
 Dipper, anabaptists  
 Dock yarder, a skulk in any  
   sly place  
 Doctors, false dice  
 Doff, to uncover take your hat  
   off  
 Dollop, a handful  
 Dominic, a parson  
 Done brown, done over,  
   queered, floored  
 Donovans, potatoes  
 Donkey's ears, a false collar  
 Don't name em's, inexpress-  
   ibles, breeches  
 Dorse, a place of rest  
 Douse the glimm, blow out the  
   light  
 Doughty, a baker  
 Down, fly, awake, knowing  
 Down in the mouth, having  
   nothing to say, low spirited  
 Doxy, girl of the town  
 Dozing crib, a sleeping room  
 Drag, a cart or waggon  
 Drap, a drop  
 Draw it mild, gently  
 Draw latches, robbers of  
   houses  
 Drawers, stockings  
 Drawing a cork, giving a  
   bloody nose  
 Drawing a thimble, picking a  
   pocket of a watch  
 Drawing a wiper, picking a  
   pocket of a handkerchief  
 Drawing a long bow, telling a  
   lying story for truth  
 Dromedary, a clumsy thief a  
   young beginner  
 Drop, the squeezer at Newgate  
 Drops, who go about to public  
   o

houses to cheat unwary  
 countrymen at cards  
 Droppings, heavy wet, beer  
 Dub, a key  
 Dub the jigger, fasten the door  
 Dubber, a picker of locks  
 Duds, togs, clothes  
 Duds cheer, ragged, poor  
 Duffers, swindlers, who go  
 about with articles pretend-  
 ing they are smuggled and  
 to sell them at an apparently  
 cheap rate  
 Dummy, a stupid fellow, one  
 who has nothing to say for  
 himself  
 Duke of limbs, a deformed  
 person  
 Dunnaken, if it be *necessary* to  
 explain the word, a privy  
 Dupe, a victim to artifice and  
 misrepresentation  
 Durance vile, prison  
 Dutch reckoning, bad reckon-  
 ing  
 Dust, money  
 Dustman, sleep, or drowsiness

## E.

EARWIG, a crony, a close friend  
 Earth stoppers, horses feet  
 Elbow shaker, a dice rattler, a  
 gambler  
 English Burgundy, strong beer  
 Eriffs, young thieves in training  
 Eye droppers, vagabonds who  
 rob hen roosts

## F.

FACER, a blow on the face, a  
 bumper  
 Fadge, a farthing  
 Fag, to ill use, to work hard  
 Fakements, scraps, morsels  
 Fast trotters, good horses, rum  
 prads  
 Fam, a ring  
 Fams, or fambles, hands  
 Fancy, the ton of low life  
 Farmer, an alderman  
 Fastener, a warrant  
 Faulkner, a juggler, a tumbler  
 Fawney, a ring  
 Feck, to, to discover which is  
 the safest way of obtaining  
 stolen goods  
 Feeder, a spoon  
 Feint, pawnbroker  
 Felt, a hat  
 Fem, a hole  
 Fence, a receiver of stolen goods  
 Fencing ken, a house where  
 stolen goods are deposited  
 Feret, a pawnbroker  
 Fib, to fight, to box  
 Fibbing, pummelling a head  
 while in chancery  
 Flich me some panea and cau-  
 sau, cut me some bread and  
 cheese  
 Fiddler, a sixpence  
 Fiddle, a watchman's rattle  
 Fiery snorter, a red nose  
 Field lane duck a baked sheep's  
 head

- Fig out, to dress  
 Figure, a little boy put in at a window to hand goods to his accomplices  
 Filcher, a thief  
 File, a rum, an odd fellow  
 Filch, to steal  
 Fin, arm  
 Fishfag, a woman that sells fish  
 Fishhooks, the fingers  
 Fives, the fingers  
 Fives, a bunch of the fist, the hand closed  
 Flag, groat, fourpence  
 Flame, a bit of muslin, a sweetheart  
 Flankey, the behind, the part you sit on  
 Flash of lightning, a glass of gin  
 Flash, language used by thieves, gypsies; to sport  
 Flashman, a prostitute's bully  
 Flash cove, the keeper of a place for the reception of stolen goods  
 Flashing his gab, showing off his talk  
 Flash his ivory, showing off his teeth  
 Flat, a raw, an inexperienced fellow, a fool  
 Flat-catcher, an article to dupe the public  
 Fleec'd, clean'd out, stript  
 Flick, to cut  
 Flicker, a drinking glass  
 Flimsies, Bank of England notes  
 Flipper, the hand  
 Floating academy, the hulks at Woolwich for convicts  
 Flogger, a whip  
 Floored, knocked down  
 Floorers, fellows who throw people down in the street, &c. when their companions under the pretence of assisting, rob them  
 Flowers of society, the ornaments of high life, big'uns  
 Fly, up, acquainted with  
 Flyers, shoes  
 Flying colours, to come off with, to come off with luck, to do anything with advantage to yourself  
 Flue faker, a chummy, a sweep  
 Fogle, pocket handkerchief  
 Fogo, stink  
 Fog, smoke  
 Fogus, tobacco  
 Fogay, a stupid fellow  
 Footing, money paid by a prostitute when going among her companions, also money paid on entering into any trade or calling amongst mechanics  
 Fork, a pocket  
 Forh it out, to produce anything by the hand  
 Forks, fore and middle fingers  
 Fresh water bay, Fleet-market  
 Frisk, mischief

- Frontispiece, the face  
 Frow, a prostitute  
 Frummag'd, choked, or hang'd  
 Frumper, sturdy blade  
 Fudge, gammon  
 Fuller's earth, gin  
 Fumbles, gloves  
 Funk, stew, to fret  
 Funk, to cheat, alarm, to  
     smoke, stink  
 Funkers, the very lowest order  
     of thieves
- G.
- GAB, the mouth  
 Gaff, a fair  
 Gaffing, tossing with the pie  
     man  
 Gag high, on the whisper,  
     nosing, telling secrets  
 Gag low, the last degree of  
     beggary; to ask alms in the  
     streets with a pretended  
     broken limb  
 Gage, a quart pot  
 Gaggler's coach, a hurdel  
 Galters; blacklegs. gamblers  
 Galligaskins, breeches  
 Gams, the legs  
 Game, courageous, sturdy,  
     hearty, hardened  
 Gammon, falsehood or bom-  
     bast  
 Gammoners, cheats, swindlers  
 Gan, the mouth  
 Gape seed, anything that  
     attracts the sight
- Garnish, money demanded of  
     people entering into prison  
 Gay tyke boys, dog fanciers  
 Gee, suitable; that won't gee,  
     won't do  
 Gelter, money  
 Gentry cove a gentleman  
 Gentry ken, a gentleman's  
     house  
 George, yellow, a guinea  
 George, a half crown piece  
 Gig, fun, nonsense, ready, on  
     the alert  
 Gill, a cove, fellow  
 Gills, cheeks  
 Gin spinner, proprietor of a  
     gin shop  
 Grinny, an instrument to lift  
     up a grate, in order to steal  
     what articles are in the win-  
     dow  
 Giving turnips, to cut acquaint-  
     ance, to shun any body  
 Glazier, one that breaks win-  
     dows and show glasses in  
     order to steal goods exposed  
     for sale  
 Glibe, a writing  
 Glim, the candle, or light  
 Glims, peepers, eyes  
 Glims flashy, a person in a  
     passion  
 Glim Jack, a link  
 Glimstick, a candlestick  
 Glim fenders, hand irons  
 Gloak, a man  
 Glue, the lady's fever, venereal  
     disease

- Gnostics, knowing ones  
 Go it, keep on  
 Go slow, draw it mild, easy  
 Go by, to rise by superior force  
 turn the tables, against you  
 Gob stick, a silver table spoon  
 God permit, a stage coach  
 Goggles, the eyes  
 Goldfinch, yellow boy, gold  
 coin  
 Gone to pot, become poor in  
 circumstances, gone to the  
 dogs  
 Goose, to, to hiss like a goose  
 Goth. A, a fool an idiot  
 Grabb, snatch  
 Grab the bit, to seize the  
 money  
 Grabbed, taken, or appre-  
 hended  
 Grand strut, Rotten Row,  
 Bond Street  
 Grand twig, in prime style  
 Grannum gold, old hoarded  
 coin  
 Gravel digger, a sharp toed  
 dancer  
 Gravel tax, money robbed from  
 people on the highway  
 Grease, money  
 Greek, St. Giles's, slang lan-  
 guage  
 Greeks, gamblers, blacklegs  
 Green bag, lawyer  
 Green, raw, unlearned  
 Greenhorn, a sponge, a raw,  
 countryman
- Grig, merry fellow, merry com-  
 panion  
 Grinders, the teeth  
 Groaners, a sort of wretches  
 who attend meetings, sigh-  
 ing and looking demure; in  
 the meantime their pals pick  
 the pockets of those persons  
 who may be in the same  
 pew with them. They also  
 rob the congregation of their  
 watches, as they are coming  
 out of church; exchange  
 their hats for good ones  
 jocosely called *hat making*  
 steal prayer-books, &c.; also  
 fellows who go around with  
 street preachers, who, while  
 the mock parson is preach-  
 ing, they pick the pockets  
 of the listeners  
 Groat, a flag, four-pence  
 Grogham, a horse  
 Gropers, blind men  
 Gropusses, the pockets  
 Ground sweat, to be buried  
 Grub, provender, victuals  
 Grub and bub, victuals and  
 drink  
 Grunter, a pig  
 Grunter, a bob, shilling  
 Guinea pig, a fellow who re-  
 ceives a guinea for puffing  
 off an unsound horse  
 Gull, to cheat, circumvent  
 Gulpin, a raw, a yokel un-  
 learned  
 Gum, abusive language

Gun powder, an old woman  
Gutter lane, the throat  
Gutting a quart pot, drinking a  
pot of beer

## H.

**HACK**, a hackney coach  
Half and half, half seas over,  
tipsy  
Half a bull, half a crown  
Half a hog, half a shilling  
Half a grunter, sixpence  
Half nap, venture, hesitation  
Hams, breeches  
Hammering, excessive heavy  
thumps with the fists  
Hamlet, high constable  
Hand over, to bribe evidence  
not to appear against a cul-  
prit, to drop an argument, an  
action  
Handle the ribbing, to knock  
the ribs about  
Hang it up, to leave a reckon-  
ing unpaid at a public house  
Handle, a tool, a silly fellow  
Hard up, in a queer way,  
money all gone  
Harman, a constable  
Harmans, the stocks  
Havannah, under a canopy of,  
sitting where there are many  
persons smoking tobacco  
Hawks, swindlers, sharpers  
Hawks, an advantage  
Hear anything knock, do you  
take the hint  
Hearing cheats, ears

Heave, to rob  
Heavy brown, beer  
Heavy plodders, stock brokers  
Hedge taverns, public houses  
on the road side, little fre-  
quented by travellers  
Heavers, breasts  
Hedge creeper, the meanest  
order of thieves  
Hedge bird, mean scoundrel  
Hedge, to secure a bet by bet-  
ting on the contrary side  
Hedge off, slink off to avoid  
serious consequences  
Hell, a gambling house  
Hell cat, a lewd abandoned  
woman  
Hell hound, profligate impu-  
dent fellow  
Hempen casement, a halter  
Hempen furniture, money re-  
wards for convicting felons  
by thief takers and others;  
commonly called blood  
money  
Hempen widow, a woman  
husband has been hang'd  
Hen, woman  
Hick Jop, a bumpkin, a fool  
Hick Sam, a country fellow, a  
fool  
High pads, thieves, or footpads  
who rob on the highway, on  
foot, of the same class as  
scamps and spicers  
High flyer, an audacious impu-  
dent woman

- High tide, having plenty of money
- High tobers, the highest order of thieves, who rob on the highway, well dressed and mounted on fine horses
- High gloak, well dressed highwayman
- High jinks, gamblers, a set of fellows who keep little goes, take in insurances; also attendants at the B.O. tables and at the races; fellows always on the look out to rob unwary countrymen at cards
- Hob, a bumpkin, a clodhopper
- Hobbled on the leg, a transported felon ironed on the leg, and sent on board the hulks
- Hog, a shilling
- Hog grabber, a sneaking mean fellow, a cadger
- Hog grunter, a close fisted narrow-souled, mean fellow
- Hoisters, shop-lifters, fellows who go into shops, and under the pretence of buying goods, generally conceal some article under the sleeves of the coat, mostly frequenting jeweller's shops
- Hoister mots, women who go into shops and steal some small article
- Holy land, St. Giles's, from St Giles's being the ~~patron~~ saint of *beggars*
- Hoofs, the feet
- Hoof it, to walk
- Hooked, overreached
- Hookers, thieves
- Hop, a sixpenny, a dancing room, where sixpence is the price of admission
- Hop merchant, a dancing master
- Hop the twig, run away
- Harness, watchmen, constables police officers
- Hot flannel, liquor made of beer and gin, with eggs, sugar, and nutmeg
- Hue, to whip, lash
- Huff, a bullying, cowardly, fellow
- Huggar, drunk
- Hum box, pulpit
- Hum, a liar, a canting deceitful Wesleyan methodist
- Hum, to humbug, deceive
- Hums, people at church
- Humpty dumpty, boiled ale and brandy
- Hunting, drawing unwary people to play
- Hush still, quiet
- Hush money, money given to compound felony
- Huskey lour, a guinea, gold coin
- I.
- INDEX, the face



- Ignoramus, a stupid fellow a novice  
 Inexpressibles, breeches  
 Ingle boxes, jacks tipped with silver and hung with bells  
 Ingler, horse dealer of bad character  
 Interlopers, lazy fellows who are dependent on the generosity of their friends for support  
 Irish apricots, potatoes  
 Irish evidence, false witness  
 Irish legs, thick legs  
 Iron doublet, a parson  
 Iron, money  
 Itch land, Scotland  
 Ivories, the teeth
- J.
- JACK, a farthing  
 Jack Adams, a muff, stupid fellow  
 Jack at a pinch, a hackney parson  
 Jack in the box, a sharper, a cheat  
 Jack cove, a sloven, dirty fellow  
 Jack-a-dandy, a little impertinent fellow  
 Jack pudding, merry Andrew, a clown  
 Jacken closer, a seal  
 Jacob, a ladder,  
 Jacobites, sham or collar shirts  
 Jackrum, a license for marriage  
 Jam, gold ring
- Jarvey, hackney coachman  
 Jasey, a wig  
 Jaw, abusive language  
 Jehu, a coachman  
 Jemmy, twopenny, head  
 Jenny, a pick-lock  
 Jet, a lawyer  
 Jet Autem, a parson  
 Jew, an over-reaching fellow  
 Jig, a trick  
 Jigger, a door, bolt, or private still  
 Job, guinea  
 Jobber knot, a tall stupid fellow  
 Jock gagger, fellows who live on the prostitution of their wives, &c.  
 Joe, an imaginary person, nobody; as, Who do those things belong to? Joe  
 Jolter head, a heavy dull blustering landlord  
 Jones's, Mrs., the coffee house, privy
- K.
- КАТЪ, a picklock  
 Keep up the ball, to live and be jolly  
 Keep the line, to, to behave with decorum  
 Ken, a cribb, room  
 Ken-cracker, house breaker  
 Ken Bowman, a well furnished house  
 Ken, flash, a house where thieves and vagrants resort

Ken miller, house breaker .	Knight of the awl, a snob, cobbler
Kick, sixpence	Knight of the hod, a brick- layer's labourer
Kick, to borrow money, to ask a favour	Knight of the road, a highway- man
Kick the bucket, to expire	Knight of the brush and moon, a drunken fellow
Kicksies, breeches	Knight of the post, a perjurer, false swearers, fellows em- ployed to give false evidence
Kid, a fellow thief	Knight of the blade, a bully- ing sham captain, a brag- gadocia
Kiddies, flash fellows	Knights of the rainbow, waiters, footmen, lacqueys
Kid lays, villians who defraud boys of their parcels and goods	Knowledge box, the jemmy, head
Kiddies, a slapup well-dressed girl	Knuckles, pickpockets
Kid with, pregnant	Knuckle dabs, ruffles
Kid-nappers, fellows who steal children, and decoy country- men and strangers in the street, to rob them ; also recruiting crimps	Ky-bosh on, to put the, to turn the tables on any person, to put out of countenance
Kidwy, a thief's child	
Kill devil, new rum, from its pernicious quality	
Kinchin, a young child	
Kimbau, to defraud, cheat	
King's mots, female children carried on the backs of strollers and beggars to excite the pity of the public	
King's picture, king's head on gold coin	
Kinchin coves, fellows who steal children for gypsies, beggars, &c.	
Knacker, an old good for no- thing horse	
Knife it, stow it, be quiet	
Knigh, a poor silly fellow	

## L.

LADY-BIRD, a sweetheart, bed- fellow
Laced woman, a virtuous female
Lady's man, an obsequious fellow to females
Lady in mourning, hottentot girl
Lag, to transport
Lagged, transported
Lagger, a person working on the water

Lame ducks, defaulters at the Stock Exchange	Lily white, a snowball, a black, a chimney sweep
Lambskin men, the judges	Limbo, prison
Lantern, dark, a servant or agent that receives a bribe to conceal a robbery	Line, getting into a, confusing a person, imposing on any body's belief by joking
Lap, butter-milk, whey	Lingo, slang, language
Lap, rum, good liquor	Link it, turn it out
Lap feeder, a spoon	Lipish, saucy
Lapping your congou, drinking your tea	List, or Loist, shop-lifting, robbing a shop
Lark, a bit of mischief, fun	Little Barbary, Wapping
Leading strings, the control of friends	Little shillings, love money
Leery, fly, up, acquainted	Lively kid, a funny fellow, a brave man
Leerers, the eyes	Loap'd, run away
Left, over the, no go, it won't do	Lob, money till
Leg bail, running away	Lob, an easy foolish fellow
Leg o'mutton sleeves, large sleeves worn by the ladies	Lob lolly, a queer cooked mess
Levanters, persons who run away from their debts of honour	Lob's pound, a prison
Lib, to live together	Lobsters, soldiers
Lib ken, lodging house	Lock, a warehouse for the reception of stolen goods
Libbege, a bed	Lock, rum, being in good health; rich, clever, expert
Lifter, a robber of shops	Locksmith's daughter, key
Lighting a candle, sneaking out of a public house without paying the reckoning	Loge, a watch
Light blue, gin	Loose house, round house or cage
Lightning, gin	Lord, a deformed hump-backed person
Lightning, a noggen of, a quartern of gin	Lour, money
Lightments, the day	Low-water mark, having little money
Lil, a pocket book	Lugs, or listeners, the ears
	Lully, wet linen
	Lullaby cheat, an infant

- Lully priggers, the lowest order of thieves, who decoy children to some bye place and rob them of their clothes
- Lully snow priggings, stealing wet linen from hedges
- Lumber ken, a pawnbroker's shop
- Lumber the ticker, to pawn a watch
- Lurch, in the, to be left behind, to sneak, to hang on
- Lush cribs, sluicery's, gin shops
- Lush, drink
- Lush ken, an alehouse
- Lushingtons, drunkards
- M.
- МАСЪ, to rob, steal
- Mackry, the country
- Mad Toms of Bedlam, fellows who counterfeit madness in the streets, and after beating themselves about, spit out some blood, in order to convince the too feeling multitude that they have injured themselves by violent struggles, and so obtain relief: they have a small bladder of sheep's blood in their mouth and when they choose can discharge it.
- Made, stolen
- Mag, halfpenny
- Make, to, steal
- Malty coves, beer drinkers
- Mary-le-bone kick, a kick in the belly
- Marrowbones, the knees
- Mat macers, fellows and old women who go round in a morning when the servants are cleaning the doorways and steal the mats, &c.
- Maunder, beggar
- Maundering, begging
- Mauns, tip us your, give me your hand
- Mawley, the fist
- Mawmouth, one that splutters in his talk
- Max, gin
- Mazzard, the head
- Mest, to spend
- Middle-piece, the stomach
- Mill, thump, fight
- Mill the glaze, breaking windows or lamps
- Mill the ken, break open the house
- Mill his nob, break his head
- Mill clapper, a woman's tongue
- Milldoll, to beat hemp in Bridewell
- Miller, a boxer
- Missing, courting; to be gone or away
- Misstopper, a coat and petticoat
- Mizzle, go, begone
- Moabites, bailiffs and their crew
- Mog, a lie

- Moisten your chaffer, drink**  
**Monish, tip us the, give me the money**  
**Monkey up, being in a violent passion**  
**Mopus, a halfpenny**  
**Moon cursers, link boys**  
**Moonshine, nonsense, flummery**  
**Morriss off, to run away**  
**Mother, a name for the keeper of a brothel**  
**Mother's milk, rum, booze, good liquor**  
**Mots, cyprians, whores**  
**Mount, to give false evidence**  
**Mounter, a common perjurer, villians who give false evidence and become bail for fellows of their own stamp**  
**Mouth, a stupid fellow, a novice**  
**Move, an incident, an action in life**  
**Mower, a cow**  
**Muck, money**  
**Muck, to, to clean out, to win all a person's money**  
**Muck'd, lost all at play, no money left**  
**Mud pipes, thick boots**  
**Muff, a raw, a silly fellow**  
**Muffers, sparring gloves**  
**Mug, the face**  
**Mugs, cutting of, making faces**  
**Mullygrubs, the belly ache**  
**Mummer, the mouth**  
**Mummers, strolling players,**
- mounteback speakers, gypsies, and beggars who tell pitiful stories to excite compassion**  
**Muns, mouth**  
**Mumbling cove, a sturdy ill-natured landlord, shabby fellow**  
**Murphies, potatoes**  
**Muzzle, the mouth**
- N.
- NAB, to steal**  
**Nabb'd, taken**  
**Nail, to lay hold**  
**Natty lads, young thieves**  
**Nash, to bolt, to run away**  
**Needful, money**  
**Never wag, man of war, the Fleet Prison**  
**Neat thing good liquor**  
**Nab, a hat**  
**Nabs, a person to either sex; a familiar way of talking; as, How are you my Nabs**  
**Nob the bib, to cry and wipe the eyes**  
**Nab the rust, to receive the money**  
**Nab the noge, to receive a guinea**  
**Nab the clout, steal a handkerchief**  
**Nab the cramp, having sentence of death passed**  
**Nab the bung, to receive a purse**  
**Nask, a prison**

- Napper, or Nads, a sheepstealer  
 Napper, the head  
 Ne'er a face but his own, not  
 a farthing in his pocket  
 Newlicks, or Noolncks, a per-  
 son not known, an imagin-  
 ary being, said to be a kin  
 to Joe, Cheeks, &c  
 Nibble, thief, steal  
 Nicks, nothing  
 Nim, to steal  
 Nimmer, a thief of the lowest  
 order  
 Niggers, fellows who clip and  
 file gold coin  
 Nig, clipping of money  
 Nick it, to win a wager  
 Nip, a cheat  
 Nipperkin, half pint measure  
 Nix, or nix my doll, nothing  
 No go, it won't do, a bad ex-  
 periment  
 Nob, the head  
 Nob, the head; a fellow car-  
 rying a high head, a man of  
 money, of respectability  
 Nob thatcher, a hat maker  
 Nob, old, a favourite game  
 used by sharpers, called  
 pricking in the hat  
 Nobblers, blows, thumps  
 Noddle, empty headed, shal-  
 low pated, stupid  
 Noll, a wig  
 Noodle, a sawney  
 Norway neckcloth, the pillory  
 Norfolk capon, a soldier, a red  
 herring
- Nose, a, one who splits or  
 tells  
 Nose, to, to expose, tell  
 Nozzle, the nose  
 Nub, the neck  
 Nubbing, hanging  
 Nubbing cove, the hangman  
 Nubbing ken, the sessions  
 house  
 Nubbing cheat, the gallows  
 Nail groopers, people who  
 sweep the streets in search  
 of old iron, nails, &c.  
 Nunnery, a brothel  
 Nurse, to cheat  
 Nutty, fond  
 Nut crackers, the pillory  
 Nutmeg grater, the beard
- O.
- OAK, a rich man of credit, sub-  
 stance  
 Office, warning, notice  
 Ogles, the eyes  
 Ogles in mourning, black eyes  
 Ogles, rum, fine piercing eyes  
 Oil of palm, money  
 Old One, or Old Harry, names  
 for the devil  
 Old Tom, good gin  
 Old toast, a brisk lively old  
 man  
 Oliver, the moon  
 Oliver widdles, the moon  
 shines  
 Oliver sneaks, the moon hid  
 under a cloud, has got his  
 upper Ben on



- Pickling tubs, Wellington, or top boots  
 Picture frame, the gallows, or pillory  
 Pig, a sixpence  
 Pigman, a trap, or bailiff  
 Pigeon, a meek stupid easy fellow  
 Pike off, run away  
 Pinch, to steal money under pretence of getting change, *see* Ringing the changes  
 Pimple, the head  
 Pinks of fashion, dashing fellows  
 Pins, the gams, legs  
 Pippin, funny fellow, friendly way of expressing one's self as 'How are you, my Pippin?'  
 Planket, concealed  
 Pockets, to let, empty pockets, no money  
 Point non plus, neither money nor credit  
 Poke fun, to chaff, joke  
 Poke, a bag, or sack  
 Poker, a sword  
 Poney, money, £50  
 Pop, to pledge or pawn  
 Poppers mess of pottage  
 Poppers, pistols  
 Potato, drop it like a, to drop any thing suddenly  
 Potato trap, the mouth  
 Potato, red hot, take a, a word by way of silencing a person, a word of contempt  
 Pot scum, bad or stinking dripping  
 Pothooks and hangers, short hand characters  
 P's & Q's mind your, mind what you're at  
 Poundage cove, a fellow who receives poundage for procuring customers for damaged goods  
 Prad, a horse  
 Prancers, horses  
 Prate, roast, a loquacious fellow  
 Pratt, buttocks  
 Pricking in the wicker for a dolphin, stealing bread from a baker's basket  
 Prigs, thieves, pickpockets  
 Prime twig, high condition  
 Prog, victuals  
 Prog, rum, good victuals  
 Prog, queer, bad victuals  
 Property, an easy fellow, a tool made use of to serve any purpose, a cat's paw  
 Provender, a person from whom any money is taken on the high road  
 Pudding house, the workhouse  
 Pull, having the advantage over an adversary  
 Pull out, come it strong  
 Punch, a blow  
 Punish, to beat in fighting  
 Punisher, one who beats soundly  
 Pupil's straits, school tuition



Purgatory, trouble, perplexity	Queer belch, sour beer
Purl, royal, ale and gin made warm	Queer cove, a turnkey
Purse, a sack	Queer bid, insolvent sharpers who make a practice of bil-ling persons arrested
Put, a country fellow, silly, foolish	Queer cat lap, bad tea
Putty and soap, bread & cheese	Queer chum, a suspicious companion
	Queer pops, bad pistols
Q.	Queer put, an ill-looking fool-ish fellow
QUARROMS, a body	Queer thimble, good for no-thing watch
Queer, base, doubtful, good for nothing, bad	Queer hen, a bad woman
Queer bit makers, coiners	Quota, whack, share
Queer buffer, sharp inn keeper	Quod cull, a goal keeper
Queer street, to be in, in a quandary	Quail pipe, woman's tongue
Queer cove, a rogue, villain	Queer prad, broken knee'd horse
Queer ogles, squinting eyes	Queer lambs, bad dice
Queer patter, foreign talk	Queer Nantz, bad brandy
Queer rotar, a bad ill looking coach	Queer nicks, breeches worn out
Queer rag, ill-looking money, base coin	Queer dogen, rusty sword
Queer blowing, ugly wench	Queer buffer, a cur
Queer gill, suspicious fellow	Queer harmen beak, a strict beadle
Queer plungers, fellows who pretended to be drowned	Queer gum, outlandish talk
Queer cole makers, coiners of bad money	Queer glim, a bad light
Queer lap, bad liquor	Queer ken, a gentleman's house without the furniture
Queer beak, strict justice, up-right judge	Queer doxy, a clumsy woman
Queer rag, bad farthing	Queer booze, bad beer
Queer bit, counterfeit money	Queer amen curler, a drunken parish clerk
Queer lully, deformed child	Qui tam, a shark, lawyer
Queer tats, false dice	Qui vive, on the alert, in ex-pectation
Queer vinegar, worn out woman's cloak	Quid, a goldfinch, sovereign

- Quiz, a queer one, a gig, an aboriginal  
 Quod, prison
- R.
- RADICAL, Hunt's breakfast powder, roasted corn  
 Rag, money; I've no rag, meaning I've no notes  
 Rag, blow up, rap out, scold  
 Rainbow, a tailor's pattern book  
 Rainbows, gay young bucks  
 Rain napper, an umbrella  
 Rap, I'm not worth a rap, I've got no money  
 Rap, give evidence, take false oath  
 Rap out, to-swear, blow up, be in a passion  
 Rat, drunken man or woman taken in custody for breaking the lamps  
 Rattling cove, a hackney coach man  
 Rattling gloak, a simple easy fellow  
 Rattling mumpers, beggars who ply coaches  
 Ready, money  
 Reader, a pocket-book  
 Red rag, the tongue  
 Red rag, give your, a holiday, hold your tongue  
 Red tape, Cogniac, brandy  
 Regular, in proper course  
 Regulars, persons thus called from their leaving parties of pleasure at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, to the no small discomfort of many an out-and-outer  
 Regent, half a sovereign  
 Resurrection men, fellows who steal dead bodies from the church yard for the surgeons  
 Rhino, grease, money  
 Ribbon, money  
 Ridge, gold outside of a watch or other article  
 Ridge cove, a wealthy goldsmith  
 Riff raff, black beetles, the lower order of people  
 Rig, fun, game, diversion  
 Rig out, a suit of clothes  
 Rig conoblin, cutting the string of large coals hanging at the door of coal sheds  
 Rigging, clothing  
 Right and fly, complete  
 Ring, to exchange one article for another  
 Rise, a, a disturbance  
 Rivertick, tradesmans books  
 Rivits, money  
 Roger, a portmanteau  
 Rooled up, put in a spunging house  
 Romoners, fellows pretending to be acquainted with the occult sciences, fortune tellers  
 Rome ville, London  
 Rookery, an ill furnished house  
 Roses, nobility  
 Rotau, a coach

- Rum glimmer, head of the link boy  
 Rum bodick, dirty shabby fellow  
 Rum beak, sensible justice  
 Rum doxy, fine made wench  
 Rum drawers, silk stockings  
 Rum gloak, well dressed man  
 Rum Nantz, good brandy  
 Rum ghelt, or rum cole, new money  
 Rum squeeze, wine or other liquor given to fiddlers  
 Rum prancer, fine horse  
 Rum rufe peck, Westphalia ham  
 Rum prad, a highwayman's horse  
 Rum duke, queer old fellow, rich man  
 Rum gill, a man who appears to have plenty of money  
 Rum rush, a number of villains rushing into a house in order to rob it  
 Rum gutters, cheap wine  
 Rum quid, good guinea  
 Rum chaunt, good song  
 Rum booze, good wine, or any liquor  
 Rum buffer, valuable dog  
 Rum cly, a full pocket  
 Rum feeder, large silver table spoon  
 Rum gaggers, cheats who tell wonderful stories of their sufferings at sea, in order to obtain money  
 Rot gut, swankey, small beer  
 Row, disturbance, 'and in the ken to breed a row,  
 Roysters, noisy, turbulent fellows, rude vile singers  
 Roundyken, the watchhouse  
 Rumpus, a scuffle  
 Rub, an obstacle in the way, to run away, to make off  
 Rub out, when its dry, all right when its forgotten  
 Ruffman, any person who handles a thief roughly; the wood, hedges  
 Rugg, all right and safe  
 Rug carrier, an ensign  
 Rum blowing, a handsome girl  
 Rum hopper, a waiter at a tavern  
 Rum mot, a woman of the town  
 Rum bob, a shop till  
 Rum peepers, fine looking glasses, or bright eyes  
 Rum speaker, good booty  
 Rum job or rum dagen, a handsome sword  
 Rum quids, guineas  
 Rum, pad, the high road  
 Rum maundy, fellows who counterfeit the fool, going about the streets in order to obtain charity  
 Rum kicks, breeches  
 Rum file, or rum diver, a female pickpocket

- Rum dropper, a vintner  
 Rum cove, good natured landlord  
 Rum fun, sharp trick  
 Rum bung, full purse  
 Rum bow, rope stolen from any of the king's dock-yards  
 Rum clout, handkerchief  
 Rum bluffer, a jolly host  
 Rum bleating cheat, a fat sheep  
 Rum back, good natured Irishman  
 Rum barking irons, prime pistols  
 Rum dumber, good natured prince of the canting crew  
 Rum quod cull, a goaler  
 Rum, or monogin, good, the most valuable of any thing jewels, diamonds  
 Rum'un, a trump, a good fellow  
 Rum ti tum with the chill off, good, slab up, the tippy, excellent  
 Ryder, a cloak
- S.
- SACK, a pocket  
 Sack, to, to take up  
 Sam, a foolish fellow, an idiot  
 Sam, to stand, to pay for all Sangaree, rack punch  
 Sans prisado, a person who comes into company without any money  
 Saving one's bacon, to escape with a whole skin, to evade any accident  
 Seedy, poor, miserable looking without money  
 Scamp, a thief  
 Setter, persons using the haunts of thieves in order to give information for the reward  
 Seven-pence, to stand, to suffer seven years transportation  
 Sew up the sees, to give a person two black eyes  
 Scandal broth, tea  
 Scamp foot, a street robber  
 Scent box, the nose  
 School butter, whipping  
 Scot, a savage person  
 Scotch fiddle, itch  
 Scottish, savage, wild, chagrined  
 Score, a debt, fine  
 Scout, a watchman or beadle  
 Screwbado, a dirty fellow, insignificant  
 Scroof, to go about living with friends at their expense  
 Scran, victuals  
 Scrap, a villainous scheme  
 Screw, a miser  
 Screw loose, a quarrel between two individuals, something wrong in a man's affairs  
 Screen, a pound note  
 Sharps, persons ready to take you in on all occasions  
 Shake a toe, to dance

- Shark, a lawyer  
 Shade, nice to a, very particular  
 She lion, a shilling  
 Shell, to contribute, club  
 Sherry, run away, be gone  
 Sheriff's ball, an execution  
 Shindy, a regular row, a general quarrel  
 Shiners, guineas  
 Shirk, to cut, to skulk  
 Shop, a goal  
 Shop lobber, a dressed up silly coxcomb of a shopman, a powdered fop  
 Shopped, imprisoned  
 Shoot, to go skulking about  
 Shooting the cat, vomiting  
 Shove, crowd, push  
 Shove the tumbler, whipped at the cart's tail  
 Shove in the mouth, a glass of gin  
 Shoving the moon, moving goods by moonlight  
 Shoulder knot, a bailiff  
 Shuffle, go, morriss, begone  
 Slum, gammon, sham  
 Shy cock, a person afraid of a bailiff  
 Sigster, a nap, after dinner, a short sleep  
 Sidle, come close to  
 Sighers, *See* Groaners  
 Sight, take a, a manner of expressing contempt or ridicule by putting the thumb to the nose, with the fingers straight up in the air  
 Sight, a lot, a great many, a great deal  
 Sinkers, old stockings that have sunk the small parts into the heel  
 Sipper, a tea spoon  
 Six and eight pence, a lawyer  
 Sink hole, the throat  
 Skewer, a sword  
 Skin, a purse  
 Skinners, villians who steal children ; kidnappers who entrap unwary men to enlist for soldiers  
 Sky parlour, a garret, or first floor next the sky  
 Slang, flash language, patter  
 Slanged, ironed on one leg  
 Slap bang, victuals sold at a cook shop  
 Slate, a sheet  
 Sling tale and galena, fowl and pickled pork  
 Slipped cove, got away  
 Slogg, to thump hard  
 Slogger, a miller, a boxer  
 Sluicery, a gin shop  
 Sluiced their gobs, drank heartily  
 Sluice, wet, moisten  
 Slubber, a heavy stupid fellow  
 Sly, contraband  
 Smack the bit, share the booty  
 Smart blunt, forfeit money  
 Smart, regular, up, awake  
 Smashing cove, housebreaker

- Smash, to break, strike, also bad coin  
 Smash, a thigh of mutton and, leg of mutton, turnips, and capers  
 Smasher, passer of bad money  
 Smell, half a guinea  
 Smell a rat, to surmise something  
 Smeller, the nose  
 Smiter, the arm  
 Smicket, a shift  
 Snug, steal, nibble  
 Shaffle, highwayman  
 Sneak, on the morning, sneaking down in the kitchen, &c., just as the servants are up, and purloining any small articles, commonly practised by cadgers  
 Sneezer, the nose  
 Snitch, to turn, to nose, to tell tales, to turn sneak  
 Snorter, the nose  
 Snooze, to sleep, doze  
 Snoozing ken, a sleeping room  
 Snow ball, a black man  
 Snuffle, the nose  
 Snuge, thief under a bed  
 Soloinon, the mass  
 Some tune, a large amount  
 Something short, a glass of liquor  
 Soul driver, methodist parson  
 South sea mountain, gin  
 Speck, a bad, a bad undertaking  
 Specks, barnacles, spectacles  
 Spicer, footpad, robber  
 Spicer, high, highwayman  
 Spike hotel, the Fleet, or King's Bench  
 Spilt, overturned in a carriage  
 Spittleonian, yellow handkerchief  
 Spoke with, to rob  
 Spoke to, he's taken by the officers, cast for death  
 Spooney, a foolish fellow  
 Spoil, to bruise, injure  
 Spree, a lark, fun  
 Spurs, diggers  
 Spunge to eat and drink at another's expense  
 Squail, a dram  
 Squeaker, a cross child, also a pot boy  
 Squeezer, a drop at Newgate  
 Stach, to conceal a robbery  
 Stool, help, assistance  
 Staller, an accomplice in picking of pockets by holding up the arms of persons  
 Stam fish, to cant  
 Stand the racket, treat, pay for all  
 Stand the nonsense, pay the money, stand treat  
 Stand still, a table  
 Stale whimper, a bastard  
 Stall, to make a stand, to crowd  
 Stag, an accomplice who has turned king's evidence  
 Stagged, discovered  
 Staller, an accomplice

- Stalling ken, broker's shop, or  
 that of a person receiving  
 stolen goods  
 Stampers, feet, shoes, stairs  
 Stark naked, gin  
 Star gazers, prostitutes who  
 frequent hedge rows  
 Stephen, money  
 Stern, the, the goat, behind,  
 what we sit upon  
 Stifle a squeaker, to murder a  
 child  
 Sticks, goods, chattels  
 Stiffner, a letter  
 Stick fans, gloves  
 Sticks, pistols  
 Stone pitcher, Newgate  
 Stoop, the pillory  
 Stow it, drop it be quiet  
 Stow your whid, be silent  
 Stranger, a guinea  
 Strap, mallet, trust  
 Strammel, straw  
 Stretching, hanging  
 Straw chipper, a straw bonnet  
 maker  
 Strike, a guinea  
 Strings of onions, the lower  
 orders of society  
 String, to, to impose on a  
 person's belief by some joke  
 or lie  
 Strike me dead, small beer  
 Strummer faker, hair dresser  
 Stumps, the, feet or legs  
 Sucked, devilish drunk  
 Suit of cover me properly, suit  
 of fashionable clothes  
 Sugar, cock your leg and cry,  
 a way of expressing triumph  
 or joy, by standing on one  
 leg, and shaking the other up  
 hooting 'sugar' loudly  
 Sufferer, a sovereign, also a  
 tailor  
 Swaddy, a lobster, soldier  
 Swaddler, a pitiful fellow, a  
 methodist preacher who  
 preaches on the high road,  
 when a number of people are  
 assembled, his accomplices  
 pick their pockets  
 Swag, a lot, much  
 Swallow, the throat  
 Swankey swipes, table beer  
 Sweeteners, guinea droppers  
 Swell out of luck, a decayed  
 fop or dandy  
 Swinger, one leg and a, a  
 sound leg and a lame one  
 Swig, liquor of any kind  
 Swigs men, thieves who travel  
 the country under colour of  
 buying old clothes  
 Swindling gloak, a cheat

## T.

- TACKLE, good clothes, also a  
 mistress  
 Tag rag and bobtail, extremes  
 of low life  
 Tail, a sword  
 Tallymen, persons who let out  
 clothes to saloon cyprians  
 Tamarhoo, a hackney coach-  
 man, so called from the

- song of 'Tamarhoo; or  
 The Devil and the Hackney  
 Coachman'  
 Tanner, sixpence  
 Tape, gin  
 Tat, rum, good dice  
 Tatt, queer, bad dice  
 Tatt men, fellows who get  
 their living by attending the  
 gaming tables and playing at  
 dice  
 Tater trap, the mummer,  
 mouth  
 Tatty tog, a gaming cloth  
 Tattler, watch or clock  
 Tea-pot, a negro  
 Teaser, sixpence  
 Teazer of catgut, a fiddler  
 Tears of the tankard, drops of  
 liquor  
 Teaze, to whip at the cart's  
 tail  
 That's the ticket, just the thing  
 as it ought to be  
 That dab's in quod, the rogue's  
 in prison  
 Thimble, a watch  
 Three sheets in the wind, three  
 parts drunk  
 Throw the hatchet, to, to tell  
 a marvellous story, or a lie,  
 and swear its true  
 Thums, three pence  
 Tie, equal  
 Tib of the buttery, goose  
 Tibby, one on your, I owe you  
 one  
 Ticker, a watch  
 Tidy, pretty good  
 Timber, matches  
 Timber merchant, a match  
 dealer  
 Time o' day, quite right, the  
 thing  
 Tinker, sixpence  
 Tip, money  
 Tip, to give  
 Tip your rags a gallop, to bolt  
 run away  
 Tip street, to be in, to have  
 plenty of money  
 Tippy, the, just the thing, as  
 it ought to be  
 Tip top, the highest, best  
 Tits, horses  
 Title-page, the face  
 Tizzy, sixpence  
 To nab a kid, to steal a child  
 To sing small, to draw the  
 horns in, to be humbled  
 To mill a cheating bleat, to  
 kill a sheep  
 To diamond a horse, to put a  
 stone under the shoe to make  
 it appear lame  
 Toddle, to walk  
 Toddlers, legs  
 Tog and kicks, breeches and  
 coat  
 Togged, dressed  
 Togman, a cloak  
 Togs, clothes  
 Tol lol, pretty well in health  
 Tolo bon rig, persons who go  
 about the country telling



- fortunes by signs, pretending to be deaf and dumb  
 Tolobon, the tongue  
 Tombstones, teeth  
 Tonic, a halfpenny  
 Tooth pickers, Irish watchmen's shillalies  
 Topper, a hat  
 Topping, hanging  
 Topping cove, hangman  
 Touted, to be followed, or pursued  
 Touch, to arrest  
 Tout, to look out sharp, to guard  
 Tow street, in, said of a person who is being misled or deceived  
 Towe, clipt money  
 Town toddlers, silly fellows taken in by sharpers at play  
 Town tabby, a dowager of quality  
 Track, to go  
 Traps, constables or thief takers  
 Transporter, the mouth  
 Tramp, to wander as a beggar  
 Translators, sellers of old boots and shoes  
 Trib, a prison  
 Trine, to hang  
 Trine, the new drop  
 Trotters, the legs  
 Trooper, a blowing, prostitute  
 Trooper, half a crown  
 Trump, a good one, a jolly fellow
- Trulls, the lowest order of prostitutes, followers of soldiers  
 Truck, stealing money under pretence of changing  
 Tuck, victuals  
 Tuck out, a good meal, a bellyfull  
 Tuck up fair, Newgate at a hanging time  
 Tucked up, hanged; married  
 Tumbler, a cart  
 Turn-up, a casual set-to, a fight  
 Tulips of the goes, the highest order of fashionables  
 Tarter, a queer customer, a powerful enemy  
 Turnip, a watch  
 Turkey merchant, driver of turkeys  
 Twelver, a hilling  
 Twaddlers, pease  
 Twig, to see, observe  
 Twinklers, the eyes  
 Twirlers, hawkers of men's and women's clothes  
 Twittoe, two  
 Tykes, dogs  
 Tyke boys, dog owners  
 Tyro, a yokel a novice
- U.
- UNDER the screw, in prison  
 Under the rose, on the sly, concealed enjoyment  
 Unload pewter, drinking beer from pewter pots

- Unrigged, stripped of money and clothes
- Up, acquainted with the conversation of the company, apprised of any transaction
- Up to slum, humbug or gammon
- Up the spout, articles at the pawnbrokers
- Up the flue, being in trouble, on the pot
- Upper Benjamin, an upper coat
- Upright, ale-house pots
- V.
- Vamp, to pledge any article
- Vampers, stockings
- White, gin
- Velvet, the tongue
- Velvet, to tip the, to talk to a woman, to impose by flowery language
- Victualling office, the stomach or paunch
- Voil, town
- W.
- WAPSTRAW, Johnny Raw, a yokel, a countryman
- Wall flowers, old clothes exposed for sale
- Wall it, chalking a reckoning up at a public house
- Wall fruit, kissing against a wall
- Warm, rich
- Wattles, the ears
- Water pads, fellows who rob ships
- Water-heaped, a snivelling fellow
- Wearing the breeches, the wife ruling the husband
- Wedge, silver plate
- Wet the other eye, take another glass
- Wetting the neck, drinking
- Whacks, shares of booty
- Wheadle, a sharper
- White wood, silver
- White port, gin
- Whither, silver bowl
- Whimpshire, Yorkshire
- Whiddler, a talkative fellow, an informer
- Whirligig, the pillory
- Whistling shop, a public house in a prison
- Whisker, a bouncing lie
- White buzmen, pickpockets
- White toppers, white hats
- White tape, gin
- Whites, counterfeit silver
- Wiggen, the neck
- Win, a penny
- Wipe, fogle, handkerchief
- Wing, fly, up, acquainted with
- Wobble, to reel, drunk
- Wo ball, a milk woman
- Wood pecker, a punster, joker, player on words
- Wooden ruff, the pillory, as he wore the wooden ruff, he stood in the pillory
- W's, between the two, hitting

<p>in the belly between wind and water</p> <p>Won't suit, no go, it won't do</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Y.</p> <p>YACE and onions, watch and seal</p> <p>Yam, to eat hearty</p> <p>Yankee, a tawney man</p> <p>Yard of tape, a glass of gin</p>	<p>Yarmouth capon, a red herring</p> <p>Yaruin, food made of milk</p> <p>Yellow boys, goldfinches, sov- ereigns</p> <p>Yellowman, a yellow handker- chief</p> <p>Yelper, a fellow who makes pitiful lamentations of trifles</p> <p>Yokels, green horns, country- men</p>
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## THE SIXTY ORDERS OF PRIME COVES.

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- |                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Rum-bubbers      | 31. Twirlers       |
| 2. Coves            | 32. Gammoners      |
| 3. Groaners         | 33. Groaners       |
| 4. Duffers          | 34. Fencers        |
| 5. Out-and-outers   | 35. Spicers        |
| 6. Coiners          | 36. High topers    |
| 7. Macers           | 37. Footpads       |
| 8. Swigs men        | 38. Gamblers       |
| 9. Bully rocks      | 39. Swindlers      |
| 10. Lully priggers  | 40. Shoplifters    |
| 11. Ginglers        | 41. Sturdy beggars |
| 12. Ken coves       | 42. Pad priggers   |
| 13. Bully huffs     | 43. Money lenders  |
| 14. Starrers        | 44. Ken crackers   |
| 15. Strollers       | 45. Queer culls    |
| 16. Mounters        | 46. Rushers        |
| 17. Shop-lifters    | 47. Fawney coves   |
| 18. Swadlers        | 48. Divers         |
| 19. Sweeteners      | 49. Adam iglers    |
| 20. Clapper dogens  | 50. Knackers       |
| 21. Cloak twitchers | 51. Millers        |
| 22. Upright men     | 52. Smashers       |
| 23. Dubs men        | 53. Filers         |
| 24. Forkers         | 54. Gypsies        |
| 25. Bullies         | 55. Buffers        |
| 26. Autem men       | 56. Priggers       |
| 27. Beau nappers    | 57. Rum padders    |
| 28. Radgers         | 58. Gaggers        |
| 29. Cadgers         | 59. Dragsmen       |
| 30. Beau traps      | 60. Bloods         |

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